Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 35.

PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT—	page	THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT—	page
Boston's Challenge to Wagner	414	Things Theatrical for the Week	420
Monarch broke down	"	English Theatricals	"
New York Races, Beacon Course, N.J.	414	The New Theatre	409
Nashville (Tenn.) Fall Races	"	LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
Clinton (Ala.) Fall Races	415	Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse	412
Franklin (Tenn.) Fall Races	"	The Far West	410
Springfield (Ala.) Fall Races	"	Mr. Jorrock's Last Lecture	426
Races at Nashville Omitted	"	AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.	
Houston (Texas) Races	"	Breeding Cattle for Market	417
Beacon Course Trotting	414	Deafness in a Horse	"
Comparison of Speed	415	MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.	
Horses in Alabama	"	Our Quarrel with the Star	409
Cricketers' Register	"	Latest English Intelligence	"
Doncaster (Eng.) Races—Concluded	409	Anecdote of a Bloodhound	417
Liverpool (Eng.) Races	411	The Gathering: Toronto Athletic Games	416
Harkaway and Mr. Ferguson once more	411	Salmagundi	410

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter received this morning from South Carolina will be attended to next week.

D. W. S. is received. W. is not yet at home, but will soon be so, and reply.

"Cypress Jr.'s" article on "Fascination" is most excellent, but our columns this week are too crowded to receive it. Its turn shall soon come.

"N." has our thanks for his favor, and best wishes for his health and happiness. But for an awful press of business, he should hear from us. Relief is close at hand.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

OUR QUARREL WITH THE "STAR."

We will not allow the "Star" to misrepresent the point at issue between that paper and ourselves, or to avoid the responsibility of a libellous attack upon us, by skulking behind another individual. The "Star" on Saturday published a long letter from Mr. Tasistro, in which he says that the editor of this paper, or Dr. Porter, told him that the brothers Porter had just received "valuable presents from a woman by the name of Miller;" and that thereupon Dr. Porter showed him "a magnificent silver goblet," &c., &c. In short, Mr. Tassistro tells "the silver goblet and champaign" story over again, with this addition, that we have been in the "*habit*" of receiving such tokens of regard from Mrs. Miller, and he gives Dr. Porter and the editor of this paper as his authority. Now it is not because the "Star" has again and again told *this* story that we have attacked it. We do not care a straw for the goblet story; *we* have told, and the "Star" has told, often enough, where the goblet came from. It is not true that it came from Mrs. Miller; Miss Clifton gave it to us, and we have thanked her for it in print, and in private; and the "Star" has abused us for receiving it from her, at least in print.

But what *has* the "Star" said to which we object? We answer that in his article of Saturday last he charged that this paper was "established and supported by the keeper of a house of ill fame." Did Mr. Tasistro say this in his letter to the Star on Saturday? No such thing. He tells a long story of silver goblets and presents, which we do not care again to deny; nor do we care to remark upon the propriety of his letter, or the accuracy or inaccuracy of his memory in detailing a conversation which took place six or eight months ago. Neither the public nor ourselves care in the least about that part of the business; but our readers have a right to know whether our paper is supported, or was established by Mrs. Miller.

The "Star" covertly made this charge in June—it repeated it *directly* on Saturday last. In the Courier of Wednesday we denied it as pointedly as it was made; we used the very terms with which we had denied it when first insinuated, and we used them because they were applicable to *both* charges, and if the Editor of the Star and his friends would yet equivocate and pretend that we have denied but the first one, we will try to satisfy them here; and we therefore pronounce this statement of the Star to be an absolute falsehood, an unadulterated lie. This was done plainly enough on Wednesday, but the Star affects to misunderatand.

The Star replies to our statement in the Courier, by saying in substance "Oh, Gentlemen, I have nothing to do in this controversy; I did indeed say your paper was supported by Mrs. Miller, and here is Mr. Tasistro's letter, which says you told him that you received a *goblet* from her, and other presents. You and Mr. Tasistro can settle the matter between you; it is no affair of mine." The subterfuge is even more contemptible than the original lie. It is obvious that whether Mr. Tasistro's recollection be accurate or inaccurate, it does not touch the charge of the "Star;" it has nothing to do with it. The lie, the libel which we desire to answer is, that this paper ever received aid in any shape from Mrs. Miller. This the Star has asserted, and this again we pronounce a malicious and infamous falsehood.

And furthermore, it is not the lie of the editor of that paper *personally* that concerns us so nearly; had Major Noah made the charge in conversation with his friends, he might never have heard from us upon the subject. It is the publication of the falsehood in the "Star" that we rebuke: the "Star" has a thousand readers who, not knowing us, may believe that paper. If a single individual makes a preposterous or an infamous charge against any man, the latter may choose his course, and notice it or not as he may fancy his character is valued by the community, in comparison with that of the slanderer. But when a daily paper, with a wide circulation, opens upon us its batteries of abuse every evening—which can injure only because they carry with them the weight of the influence of that paper—we may be held excused if we occupy much of our space in repelling the attacks, and hold the paper *itself* responsible for its libels.

THE NEW THEATRE.

In speaking of this establishment, we use the precise words of the "Courier and Enquirer," which yesterday contained the following editorial article:—

"We congratulate the theatre going public, and all who are in favor of witnessing the increase of splendid public buildings, that there is no longer any doubt but a magnificent theatre—one every way worthy of the city—will shortly be erected in Broadway, on the block of ground between Chambers and Reade-streets, part of which is now occupied by the Washington Hotel. The building will front on Chambers-street, having also a grand entrance on Broadway, and constructed as it will be of granite, it will be an ornament to the city.

The simple fact that in times like the present, the friends of Mr. WALLACK could succeed in a project involving an expenditure of $350,000, is evidence of the satisfaction which his management of the National Theatre has given to them and the public at large."

Turf Register.—The November number of this magazine is published this day. We must name two original articles in it, as possessing uncommon excellence—the first is "More Collineomania," by Cypress Jr.—an exquisite paper; the second is "Day the Sixth" of the "Week in the Wood-lands," which shows at least an unrivalled power of description. We had almost forgotten to name an article on "Race Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women;" that, too, is a capital paper, by a new correspondent. For the rest of the contents, the reader is referred to an advertisement in another column. The illustration is a beautiful engraving on steel by DICK, representing "Wild Duck Shooting," the subject of the "Collineomania" article.

LATE ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE.

For once we are not indebted to a steam-ship for news. The packet ship *Independence*, Capt. NYE, which left Liverpool the 29th of September, brought us London dates to the 28th—a week later than we had before received. Such items of sporting information as we have been able to gather from a hasty perusal of our files we annex.

The Liverpool races, which were very interesting, will be found fully reported on our third page, from Bell's Life in London.

The same paper states that there is no truth in the report that Mr. Persse, of Newhook, Ballyglass, Ireland, had sold his horse Economist, the sire of Harkaway, to come to this country. Should the horse, however, not be disposed of before the 1st of January next, he will be sent to York race course, and let to a limited number of mares.

FLINTOFF has purchased of Mr. HOBSON his stallion *Volney*, by Velocipede, out of Voltaire's dam, by Phantom. Voltaire is the sire of Charles XII. We have not yet learned the price paid for Volney.

The papers say that during the Doncaster race week Mr. Orde had the sum of 3000 gs. offered for his celebrated mare Bee's-wing. The offer was refused.

We are so often indebted to "Bell's Life in London" for sporting intelligence, that we hear with regret that its editor, Mr. DOWLING, has recently met with a severe accident. The "Morning Post" says that,

"While on his way from Doncaster to Derby, after the St. Leger race, in passing through Chesterfield, he was thrown from the Criterion, Sheffield coach, and seriously injured. It appears that the coach in question, after the horses had been changed, was proceeding at a rapid pace towards a steep descent, when the horses becoming unmanageable, the coach came in collision with a post, thereby smashing the splinter-bar, and throwing off several of the passengers, among whom was Mr. Dowling, upon the stones beneath. Upon rising, it was discovered that Mr. Dowling had the wrist of his right hand dislocated, and the bone of the same arm broken; his head also was cut, and his hip contused. He was conducted to the house of Mr. Creswick, the surgeon, in the town, who rendered him temporary aid. He is so far recovered as to be enabled to pursue his customary duties."

The great St. Leger race we have already given in these columns, but from the daily papers. Below may be found Bell's Life's description of that single race, together with the last day's running at Doncaster, not yet reported in this country.

The reader may recollect that some difficulty arose about the late Goodwood Cup race. It was something in this wise:—Mr. Somers, a friend of Ferguson, had authorized a Mr. M'Donough to state that Harkaway should not start for the Cup unless his friends could have 1500*l.* to 500*l.* laid against him. Mr. Wakefield, a gentleman who had backed him heavily, came forward and offered to lay 600*l.* to 200*l.*, more than a third of the sum required by Harkaway's friends. It subsequently transpired that Mr. Somers was not authorized to make the declaration that the horse should not start, and in consequence Mr. Wakefield refused to pay the 600*l.* Mr. Somers brought the case before the Jockey Club, and its progress is thus noticed in "Bell's Life:"—

The case between Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Somers, touching the bet 600 to 200, which has been so fully noticed in this paper, came on before two of the Jockey Club Stewards, the Hons. G. Anson and H. Rous, on Thursday last at Doncaster, in the Stewards' Stand, after the Cup race; but, in consequence of the absence of Mr. M'Donough, Mr. Somers' principal witness, the Stewards, after hearing part of it, and waiting until near dark for the absentee, postponed the matter to the Newmarket Meeting. The reason for Mr. M'Donough's absence is inexplicable, for he was seen *talking with a gentleman* at the entrance of the Stewards' Stand, and, as if in attendance for the case, within ten minutes of the time at which his presence was required; *but*, when called for, he was nowhere to be found. Probably his *absence* was more likely to be serviceable to Mr. Somers than his *presence*.

"Bell's Life" of the 22d Sept. contains an engraving of *Charles XII.*, and of the Doncaster Gold Cup. We have put both into the hands of an engraver, and one, or both, will be published next week.

The speculations of "Judex" were so sagacious upon the St. Leger, in advance—he placing the first and second horse aright—that we make room for another article from his pen, reviewing the race. The Doncaster St. Leger is so momentous an event in the sporting world, that we give all the space we can possibly obtain to a consideration of it. The article alluded to may be found on our third page.

The Marquis of Waterford has commenced preparations for the Tournament at Ford Castle next year. Flodden Field, being part of his Lordship's demesne, will be the arena.

Pedestrianism.—On Saturday night, the 21st of September, James Molloy, the pedestrian, successfully finished a match against time, to walk 400 miles in six successive days. The ground over which he walked is two and a half miles long, being the high road from the Crown and Sceptre, in Brompton, to the Wheatsheaf, in Fulham. He began before two o'clock on Monday morning, and had walked 70 miles before midnight. The weather was so bad on Tuesday he performed only 50 miles. The number of miles increased by ten on each of the three succeeding days, and on Saturday he walked 80 miles, and had finished his wearisome task, in spite of as discouraging a week's weather as any traveller on horse or foot could have to make way against, an hour and a half before midnight, which was the limit of the time allowed. Molloy frequently walked five miles in less than 52 minutes. He says the best regimen for a pedestrian is beef-steaks and wine, dividing the four ordinary meals into eight. To eat little, but often, is his maxim. Malt and ardent spirits, he says, will knock a man up. He is but little the worse of his expedition, except, as may well be supposed, that his feet are covered with blisters.

A Trotting Match for 30 sovs., between Mr. Bryant's dun pony, "Malvina," rode by Mr. G. Gray, of the Riding School, Brunswick-street, Blackfriars-road, and Mr. Mayhew's grey pony, "Kitty," rode by Mr. Mayhew, Jun., which excited great interest in Gravesend and Northfleet, came off on Tuesday, Sept. 24th. The distance was from the Leather Bottle at Northfleet, to the Eagle Inn, Gravesend (one mile and a half,) and betting was in favor of the grey. At 12 o'clock, Mr. H. Cove, the umpire, started the ponies, and until their arrival at the Brick field they were neck and neck. Kitty, stealing upon Malvina, made half a length on reaching the Fox and Hounds, about half the distance, and on passing Mr. Rochier's houses, Miss Kitty had obtained a length; the Scottish maid feeling the insignificance of her situation, mended her pace, and recovered half a length; but when about 50 yards from the houses on the New-road, the other broke, and having to turn, gave the victory to Malvina.

Bell's Life.

Description of the St. Leger for 1839.

From "Bell's Life in London."

A few minutes before four o'clock, the horses appeared at the post, and after one little failure, caused by The Provost jumping off before they were well together, the word was given, and they got away in excellent order. Euclid was first off, but as it was not the intention of his jockey to make play, he was immediately checked, and went with a lot of five or six for about a hundred and fifty yards, by which time they had settled into their places. Charles the Twelfth now emerged from the crowd and took up the work at a first-rate pace, with Bloomsbury, Bolus, Euclid, [about fourth] The Dolphin, The Provost, and Malvolio, in close attendance, and a ruck of four well up; the rear was brought up by Easingwold, Dragsman, and the Purity colt; the latter quite unfit for running, "went up the hill" and then literally "came back again." The front, composed as we have stated, continued unbroken till they dropt the hill into the bottom, where Blooomsbury removed all doubts as to his fitness to run, by dropping behind Malvolio and The Provost, taking his galloping companion, Bolus, with him. Euclid now settled into the second place, The Dolphin lying up with him, and Mavolio and The Provost behind her, so near together that we could not make out which was fourth. In going over the deep ground, near the Red-house, Charles was three or four lengths ahead of Euclid, the pace being terrific, and the tailing fearful; Dragsman already was a long way astern, and The Corsair, Easingwold, The Lord Mayor, Bolus, and Hyllus, were as completely out of the race, as if they had been in their stables. Bloomsbury and Fitz Ambo continued to exist behind the first lot, but were also *hors de combat*. On making the turn into the straight run in, about two distances from home, The Dolphin discovered that she was out of her element and declined, Malvolio taking her place; Euclid at the same time beginning to draw upon the crack at the distance a final change took place, and the race was reduced to a match; Malvolio, who till now looked tolerably well, found the pace too hot, and dropped behind The Provost, who, with no prospect of catching his opponents in front, was left to watch the proceedings on the part of the fielders. After being once or twice driven against the rails by Charles, Euclid, having in appearance much the best of the race, now went to his head, and, from this point to the chair, the spectators were gratified with one of the most interesting and exciting contests ever seen over the St. Leger course; it was head and head—stride for stride, to the end: and the judge, unable to say which had won, pronounced the first dead heat ever run for the St. Leger. Both horses were much distressed, Euclid, as it struck us, the most so. The Provost was three or four lengths behind them, beating Malvolio by rather more than a length; The Dolphin was fifth, Fitz Ambo sixth, Bloomsbury seventh, Hyllus eighth, Bolus ninth, The Corsair and The Lord Mayor next, close together, Easingwold and Dragsman last; the Purity colt, having returned from the hill, cannot be taken into account. In assigning these positions, we must not be understood as setting up a scale of merit; we have done so merely to satisfy some of our ultra-curious readers, and to save ourselves the trouble of answering inquiries on the subject; many good judges, it may be observed in conclusion, are of opinion, that every horse in the race, excepting Charles and Euclid, were beaten at the hill. The time of running was three minutes and twenty-five seconds.

DECIDING HEAT.

The betting opened at 6 and 7 to 4 on Charles, but the hedging money was sent in so liberally that the odds shifted to the other side, and, after reaching 6 to 4, closed at 5 to 4 on Euclid. This race was run very differently from the last; Conelly's last order, we believe, was to wait until he got over the hill, and then to make the pace strong; Scott, however, was also in the waiting order, so that after walking a few yards Euclid had to canter; in fact, for the first three quarters of a mile he had to "wait in front;" he then made strong running, Scott playing the game of "follow my leader" very steadily; in going over the deep ground he eased his horse, and was three or four lengths behind, but made up his ground after passing the Red House, and at the distance went up. A struggle, scarce less interesting than the last, now commenced, and continued to the stand, where, for the first time, Charles obtained a slight advantage—his head was in front; a few lengths further his neck; and so it would have been to the finish, had not Scott, in putting him straight for the chair, enabled his antagonist to get a few inches nearer; and thus it ended, Charles winning by a head, and, in our humble judgment, rather cleverly; certainly Scott was not so hard upon him as he was in the first race. Those who were near the chair insist that Euclid ran jady for the last two or three lengths; we cannot say whether this was the case or not, but after two such severe heats it is not improbable. The time was three minutes and forty-five seconds. We will conclude our report of these interesting events, by expressing an opinion that the tremendous pace at which Charles the Twelfth went over the deep ground prevented his winning the first heat, and gave Euclid a chance, which would assuredly have come off in his favor had he not been forced against the rails in going up inside at the distance, a course to which he was driven by the positions of Malvolio and The Provost, who were lying outside him, and too near to admit of his taking the proper track without his losing three or four lengths. In the deciding heat it is not unlikely Euclid would have won, had Conelly been permitted to wait to the last, and go for speed in which he is admitted to be superior; on the other hand, Scott won this race by reversing the style in which he ran the first.

THE SETTLING.

This important *finale* to the race was quiet, and comparatively harmless, the dead heat, by inducing Scott's party to hedge, having materially reduced the amount of the balances; had Charles the Twelfth won in the first instance, it is more than probable that the "assets" would have fallen far short of the claims, as his backers had made him a very large winner, and "went on" to the last. One person, we hear, was *non est*, but as it is said that the money will be forthcoming, we refrain from publishing his name—should he fail, we shall not depart from the rule we have laid down for these occasions. We have stated that the settling was harmless, but it did not pass off without a little grumbling on the part of those who had backed Bloomsbury and Hetman Platoff.

DONCASTER RACES—Concluded.

The fineness of the weather, aided by an inviting list, attracted a fuller attendance than we have been accustomed to meet on the last day; the sport, it will be seen, was good and plentiful.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20.

The *Hornby Castle Stakes* of 20 sovs each, with 50 added; two miles; 4 subs.

Lord Westminster's br. h. *Cardinal Puff*, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb	Scott	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	W. Day	2

The betting opened at even, and finished at 2 to 1 on Cardinal Puff, who made his own running, and won by ten or fifteen lengths.

The *Scarborough Stakes* of 30 sovs each, 10 ft, for 3 yr. old colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; the winner of the St. Leger to have carried 7lb extra; one mile; 19 subs.

Col. Cradock's br. c. *The Provost*	Templeman	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool	Lye	2
Major Yarburgh's bl. f. Lollypop	Holmes	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Malvolio, 5 to 2 against The Provost, and 4 to 1 against Lollypop. The filly took the lead at starting, but was immediately headed by The Provost, and he, in a few strides, by Malvolio, who kept the lead at a good pace, followed by The Provost to the distance, where the latter went to his girths, and kept there to the Stand; he then got to his head, and after a smart race, won by a length; the mare was about three lengths behind the second. Lollypop has since been sold to Mr. G. Walker for a brood mare.

The *Park Hill Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for 3 yr. old fillies 8st 4lb; St. Leger Course; 15 subs.

Mr. Bowes' ch. *Mickleton Maid*	Scott	1
Col. Crauford's b. Dolphin	J. Holmes	2
Mr. Smith's br. Margaret	Hesseltine	3
Lord Derby's ch. Imogene	T. Lye	4
Duke of Richmond's b. Reel	J. Day	5

Betting: 6 to 4 against Dolphin, 5 to 2 against Margaret, 5 to 1 against Imogene, and 6 to 1 against Reel. Imogene took the lead at a good pace, followed by The Dolphin, Margaret lying third, Mickleton Maid fourth, and Reel last; no change took place until they reached the two mile post, where Mickleton Maid, The Dolphin, and Margaret went on together to the distance; Margaret dropt off here, and the other two finished the race; at the stand Mickleton Maid was nearly half a length in front, where The Dolphin caught her and made a good fight home, The Maid winning by only half a neck. Margaret was two lengths behind, and Reel beaten off.

The *Town Plate* of £100; three yrs 7st 5lb, four 8st 7lb, five 9st, six and aged 9st 3lb; maiden colts allowed 2lb, and maiden fillies 3lb; the second horse to receive 18gs; heats, two miles.

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. *Opera*, 4 yrs	Lye	4	1	0	1
Mr. Milner's br c. Humphrey, 4 yrs	Marson	2	4	0	2
Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, 3 yrs	T. Benson	1	2	3	3
Mr. S. King's br. f. Juvenile, 3 yrs	W. Oates	3	3	4	dr

Betting: First heat. 2 to 1 on Opera, and 4 to 1 against Memento. A good race between Humphrey and Memento, until within a few strides of home, when the former gave way, and the mare won by a neck, but not without difficulty.—Second heat: 2 to 1 on Opera, and 10 to 3 against Humphrey. A pretty race between the first two, ended in favor of Opera by half a length.—Third heat: 5 to 2 on Opera, and 4 to 1 against Humphrey, who made a dead heat after a fast run race.—Fourth heat: 5 to 4 on Humphrey; won cleverly.

THE FAR WEST,

AND PADDY'S MISTAKE ABOUT THE BIG BROWN DOG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN LIONS."

It was in the spring of 1832 that I paid a visit to the Far West, as the country towards and on the Mississippi river is usually called by the people of the eastern and middle States. Several years previous I had made a trip as far as Franklin on the Missouri river, where a very old and intimate friend of mine had seen fit to locate himself, his beautiful and accomplished wife, and a young and interesting family. On my former journey I had travelled the greater part of the way by water; that is, after reaching Pittsburg I had descended the Ohio in an ark (not Noah's) to its mouth; then up the Mississippi in a row-boat as far as St. Louis: then across the little isthmus between the two rivers to St. Charles on the Missouri; and then, also by land, in a route north of that river, to the end of my journey, where my romantic and eccentric friend had chosen to bury himself and family alive, in one of the most remote settlements at that period existing in America. But upon this present occasion I was determined to travel in a manner that would enable me to see more of those young and flourishing countries lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, for which purpose I set out upon this long journey on horseback. I know not exactly how it is, but I have witnessed many instances to convince me that the American horses are capable of undergoing more fatigue, privations, and hardships, than any class of English horses I am acquainted with. I refer, however, to horses produced and reared in the interior of the country, where all sorts of farm-stock, horses included, are but little pampered—or rather, on the whole, severely dealt by; and notwithstanding, generally speaking, these horses are deficient in some of the main points and attributes that recommend our own stock, still experience proves that they are not only capable of performing long and severe journeys, but that they are able to peform respectable days' work where the roads are deep and miry, and in almost an impassable condition. On the present occasion I proposed striking the great national road that leads from Washington city to the Mississippi river near St. Louis, a little West of the Ohio, and not far from the town of Wheeling; after which, to continue along the said road, diverting occasionally therefrom, particularly when the country presented any strong inducement for my doing so. The first part of my journey to where I struck the great national road was nearly 400 miles; the distance thence to the Mississippi, if I made no departures from the main road, 530 or 570 miles; and then, if I continued my journey to Franklin, about 200 miles more. In England, where we boast of the best roads and horses in the world, we seldom think of taking a journey of 1200 miles straight a-head, as the Americans would say, upon the same horse; whereas, in the present instance, I calculated (and correctly too) that my little mare, scarcely fifteen hands high, would not only carry me to the end of my journey, but that she would also bring me safely back again. I remember once falling in with a traveller at a country tavern in Upper Canada, who, pointing to one of his horse's legs, remarked that he was afraid that something was going to be amiss with it before he got home again; and on my inquiring how far he might have to travel to the end of his journey, "Oh," replied he, passing his hand down the animal's suspected leg, "only to Mobile, in Alabama;" the distance, as the crow flies, could not be less than a thousand miles! In journeys of 700 or 800 miles I have rode horses, where the roads in general were execrable, nearly fifty miles a day, riding, with all my traps included, upwards of sixteen stone!

What I am about to relate took place in the western part of the State of Indiana, not a great distance from Indianapolis, nor many miles from the Wabash river. But my deviating from the road—a distance of fifteen or twenty miles—a mere going aside a little, was for the purpose of paying my respects to an old acquaintance, who, several years before, had sold his property in Vermont, and removed with his family to a tract of new land watered by the tributaries of the Wabash.

The district of country in which I found my old acquaintance located was still but thinly inhabited; for notwithstanding that it was now several years since the first settlers began to come in—owing to some peculiar disadvantage under which the country labored, one of which was its being seriously infested with wolves and panthers—the general march of improvement had been much slower than it would otherwise have been. Squire Post, for that was the cognomen my acquaintance had been known by among the "green mountains" of his native State, and which, as a matter of course, he had brought with him into the Western Country, was one of those characters (very common amongst the American woodsmen) that at any season was willing to sacrifice ten dollars' worth of his time if he could but secure the carcass of a miserable deer, or the skin of a common bear, though neither of them was worth a couple of dollars to him. In short, the Squire was not over fond of working on his farm, as American farmers are mostly obliged to do, and therefore took opportunities of spending a great portion of his time, occasionally accompanied by a couple of dogs, but more generally taking only his rifle along with him, in search of wolves and panthers. Notwithstanding these things I knew that he possessed some sterling qualities, so I had long since made up my mind to spend a day or two with him whenever I visited the Far West, although the season might happen to be not the most favorable for hunting excursions.

There is hardly a corner of America, keeping clear of the Slave States, where you do not fall in with Irishmen; and here, on the upland prairies of the Wabash, the first person I encountered when I had reached Squire Post's establishment was a big, raw-boned, carroty-pated Patlander, from, as I afterwards learned, the County Clare. Dennis O'Rourke, as he pleased to call himself, had but a few months before never set foot out of "Ould Ireland;" and how Dennis had contrived to work his way so far into the interior in so short a period after his landing, I shall not stop to inquire; but there he was, hired by the month to the Squire to chop down the timber, roll the logs together and burn them, hoe Indian corn, &c., of all which Dennis knew no more than a sucking rhinoceros. The morning subsequent to my arrival at the Squire's, the family and I were discussing a rather homely but an excellent breakfast, when Dennis, *sans ceremonie*, shoved in his dolt head at the half-open window which looked into the orchard in the rear of the house, and, without any introductory, remarks informed the Squire, "that a great, big, ugly brown dog was a murtherin the darlint young heifers down in the meadows by the wood;" and Dennis had come to inquire what he was to do under such circumstances.

"I guess, Mr. O'Rourke," replied the Squire, in perfect seriousness, "that it would have been just as well if you had stept down into the meadow to scare away the dog from the cattle; so, if you have no regular objection, you can go and do it now."

Upon this very *gentlemanly* hint on the part of his master, Dennis set off at a slow trot across the orchard; but I saw him stop to pull up a stake to which a young pear-tree was tied, and, after poising it in his right hand in the true Irish fashion, pursue his way down by the fence in the direction of the meadow where he had seen the "big brown dog."

Breakfast being ended, the Squire and I strolled forth into his fields, more to look at the farm and improvements than after Dennis and the cattle, when our attention was called to the young Patlander, whom we saw running towards the buildings, under cover of the fence, as fast as his legs could carry him. He passed us without speaking a word, but he beckoned with his hand for the Squire to follow in the direction he was taking. Not exactly comprehending Dennis's signs, we continued where we were until he had ascended a lofty rail-fence, when he again earnestly beckoned us to join him. We therefore made towards him, supposing that something extraordinary had occurred to him, either real or imaginary; and by the time that we reached him he had so far recovered his wind as to be able, with occasional interruptions, while he gasped for breath, to relate to us what had occurred.

"Oh, Jasus! Jasus! but I'm clean intirely murthered!" and then he tried to clamber higher on the rail-fence, while he stretched out his neck towards the distant woods, as if the cause of his alarm lay in that direction. "Oh, Squire, Squire, for the love of Jasus!" he exclaimed, "I beseech you make haste, and come along over here on t'other side o' the fence, or you'll all be clean murthered and devoured every Christian soul iv ye."

By way of accommodating Dennis's alarm, more than from any apprehension of danger that we entertained, we mounted the fence alongside of Dennis, and begged he would inform us what dire calamity had befallen him. Though I shall not attempt to give Dennis's words precisely, I will give as correct a version of the main features of the case as I possibly can:—

"Having just taken the liberty to borrow a little stake I found a growing by the side of a nice young apple-tree—for I did not know but the big ugly dog might require a gentle hint not to be coming again and murtherin the dear young heifers—I trotted down the wrong side of the meadow fence, as it turned out afterwards, until I met all but one of the murthered creatures running right at me, and snorting and flourishing their backs in quite a dreadful manner. By my soul, thought I, but I never in ould Ireland saw any thing like this; and I had more than half a mind to turn back; for I thought, perhaps, the big brown dog had been mad, and had bitten all the dear young heifers. But there was no dog any where at all at all to be seen; so I jist took another look at them, and I found that the little mottled heifer was not any where among them, for I knew her right well, for she had got but one horn upon her forehead. So I runs on again, down by the fence, and presently, sure enough, I see'd the poor thing struggling in the fine long grass, with the ugly brown dog that was intirely murtherin it outright; for it was at its breakfast on one of its hind haunches. I never took time to look at the big beast, for I stepped right up to him, and gave him such a how-do-ye-do touch over the back side of his head with the switch I had picked up from the side of the apple-tree, that he let go his hold where he had been a-teasing the darlint heifer, and fairly rolled over and over among the nice deep grass, while I stood still a-laughing, and asked him kindly if he hadn't got the head-ache? for you mind I touched him rather too smartly as I was a-thinking; so up I goes to him where he lay a-sprawling, and says I to him, quite good-naturedly, 'I'm afeer'd, my purty fellow, that I have spoiled your breakfast!' I had my knife in my pocket, but I thought it would be a thunderin' pity to kill and murther the fine big fellow quite intirely, for I began to fancy I had never seen his equal: and, stooping my head down to look at him more particular, I saw that he had got the strangest countenance for a dog I ever in my born days witnessed. He had got the langest and stoutest beard I ever saw grow on a dog's face, and he smiled for all the world like an old tabby cat when she tells her kittens, 'now don't be a-playing with my tail any more;' and when he opened his eyes to see who it was that had been a murtherin' him, I saw at once that a pair of such eyes never belonged to any real mortal dog, for they were for all the world like cat's eyes, only as large and round as my poor dear ould mother's tea-cups. I had hardly time to look at his legs, which I dare say were as stout as the young heifer's, when up he jumped, and before I had time to make my manners to him, he drew back his lips, and shewed me the biggest set of teeth I ever looked at in all my whole life; and while I was admiring them, he opened his mouth quite wide enough to swallow a calf with its yellow pumps on; and then he spoke in a growl that I shall never forget should I live for a thousand years. I thought I should have dropped clean dead where I stood, and I would have given all Ireland to shake hands with him on friendly terms; but seeing him getting on his hind feet as a cat does when she darts upon a mouse, I thought I would just see if my legs would move at all at all, and away I flew up along the fence jist as if all the fairies in Ireland had been at my heels."

There was no mistaking the matter; for from the first part of Dennis's account of his adventure we had no manner of doubt of his having mistaken a panther for a big brown ugly dog, for it was not the first time that Squire Post's young cattle had been attacked by panthers. I saw by the Squire's looks that he was not at all annoyed with what had occurred, since there was a likelihood of its affording us an opportunity of having a "hunting frolic" quite opportunely. Under this impression he and I returned towards the house, closely followed by Dennis, who appeared afraid to be left alone; and providing ourselves with each a rifle out of the Squire's stock of half a dozen, we prepared to set out, accompanied by a couple of mongrel hounds, which the Squire rarely suffered to accompany him except when he went a panther-hunting. I prevailed on the Squire to invite Dennis to accompany us, but Dennis "quite intirely," as he would have said, mistook his master's meaning, for he replied, "Was it your Honor that was a-saying that I had better keep in the house until your Honor returns, to look after the lady and the dear childer?" The Squire, who entertained no fears himself, and therefore could not duly appreciate Dennis's, told him that he thought he had better take a hoe and go down into one of the back fields and finish the hoeing of a piece of Indian corn; and in the evening he had better bring home the hide of the young heifer that had been killed by the panther. Dennis made no answer to the Squire's remarks, but I had the curiosity to inquire into the matter afterwards, and I understood that Dennis had done as desired, but not without taking a couple of other "boys" along with him.

Without farther delay we took our way toward the woods, and were soon among the fine long grass where "the murthered young heifer" was welt'ering in her blood. Sure enough the ravenous animal had been enjoying a breakfast when the Irishman broke its head in mistake; although at that time the heifer most probably was living, for when we visited the place the blood was still flowing from the wounds in her lacerated throat, and life appeared very recently extinct. There was little doubt but the panther had taken to the woods, when Dennis took to his heels; so laying the dogs upon the scent they set off at a cautious pace, apparently well aware of the nature of their game, for they had often been engaged in dangerous panther-hunting.

Although the dogs continued pretty eager upon the scent, it was quite obvious that they were perfectly aware of the nature of their business, for they hardly ever ventured out of our sight, though at a moderate speed they might have left us far behind them. We, however, was not slow in following them, for we pushed through the woods as fast as the nature of the ground would permit us. My companion well understood the nature of the ground we had to pass over, and was able, pretty accurately, to calculate upon the probabilities of our falling in with the "darned varmint;" for he had had many a similar "scrape" in these very woods. There were two places that he said "the critters' particularly haunted—the one a thick grove of young chesnuts, the other a rocky ridge, the summit of which was covered with irregular loose rocks; in the latter place, he said, they were considerably difficult to manage. The dogs continued carefully to track the panther, but scarcely ever gave tongue at all, and when they did it was such a peculiar low cautious half-yelp, half-howl, that nobody but one accustomed to hunt with them could make any thing of it.

When we had proceeded nearly two miles, in a tolerably direct route, the dogs suddenly hit off to the right, in the direction, as I understood, of the rocky bluff or ridge. At this the Squire shrugged up his shoulders, and said, that he was sorry the "darned critter belonged to the rock varmints, because they were generally more difficult to get at." We had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile on the new tack, when the dogs both stopped at the foot of a large spreading chesnut tree, around the stem of which, and close to it, grew about a dozen young trees of the same sort, from eight to ten inches in diameter, and probably not less than fifty or sixty feet high. The large tree was partially decayed and hollow, but still retained sufficient life and vigor to give to its wide-spreading branches a luxuriant covering of leaves. The dogs, after making two or three circuits round this little forest of trees, moved back a few paces, and, whining in a low and pitiful manner, directed their eyes into the upper limbs of the large tree, as much as to say, "look up yonder if you want to find your game. On this the Squire advanced close up to me, and accosted me thus:—

"Now, Colonel, I know you are a slick hand at a rifle, and it may prove well enough that you are so. It strikes me that we have more than one scalp, young or old, in or upon this here chesnut. It is very evident that at present we shall have to make no long shots, so I'm thinking I will just put another ball on my powder, for I have known two balls at near hand work do more and better service than one. We need be in no hurry, so we will cautiously examine every part of the tree from places which will afford us the best views; and if we can see nothing from the foot of the tree, I will just ascend one of the smaller trees close by, and then, I calculate, we shall be able to make something of our day's work; for in our State, Colonel, the bounty on a *painter's* (the manner in which the Yankees pronounce panther) scalp is twenty silver dollars," the Squire evidently being "wide awake" to the bounty upon panthers. After a good deal of scrutiny and examining all parts of the tree, I imagined that at last I saw a *something* through the almost impervious foliage, but calling the Squire's attention to the same point he rather doubted there being any thing more than the bend of some large branch or limb.

However, he made up his mind to mount into the tree he had selected for that purpose, and I was surprised at the facility with which he achieved his task, taking into account that he was upwards of forty years of age, as well as his being encumbered with a rifle. This he fixed perpendicularly on his back by means of a strap which he carried with him for the purpose, the muzzle reaching downwards a little below his knees, while the butt extended above the top of his head. By the time he had ascended fifty or sixty feet he cautiously informed me that the "something" I had been looking at through the foliage was actually a real young panther in a crotch of the tree, and, he believed, fast asleep. "Let me mount a little higher," whispered he, "and get my rifle ready, and then, Colonel, you may as well send a couple of bullets just to awaken the critter; and while its a looking round to see who has disturbed it, I'll bet that I give it such a couple of pills that it wo'nt want another dose soon anyhow." I nodded my head in approbation of his proposed plan, and having allowed him time to ascend a little higher, and to get his rifle unstrapped and ready, I fired, although I considered it something of a random shot. I thought there was some motion about the place where the balls struck, and before more than a few seconds had elapsed, the Squire fired too, and, as I believed, in the same direction. Presently I perceived the dark-colored object move unsteadily, for, in fact, it was attempting to make off, but having been hard hit it soon lost its footing, but falling upon another branch it clung to it for a considerable time, though struggling convulsively. At length it let go its hold, when it fell from limb to limb, never again recovering itself, until it had cleared the lowest branches, when it came *bang* upon the ground. During the time it was falling the Squire had called to me to "look out," for having recollected that I had come out unprovided with a hunting-knife, he threw down his own for me to use in case of necessity. But there was no necessity in the present instance, for the poor thing hardly moved so much as a paw after it reached the ground; and if there had the dogs would soon have despatched him. When I went to examine it life was quite extinct. It was a young male panther about the size of a middling-sized bull dog, fat and sleek, and about one-third grown. On a more minute examination I found that *three* balls had taken effect, from which it would seem that it had been aroused rather unceremoniously by my first fire.

By the time that I had reloaded my piece the Squire beckoned to me to be upon my guard, and, from his pointing significantly to the same tree, I had no doubt but that he had discovered more game. Presently he levelled his rifle and fired, but, except the noise made by the ball as it struck some small branches of the lofty chesnut-tree, all was silent as before. I then approached the foot of the tree in which he was perched, and began re-loading, when, in a disappointed tone he told me that he had seen another cub, but that some small branches had turned the ball aside which had caused him to miss it. "And this comes," continued he, "of loading with but one ball when you are near your game, and might use two as well as not. I ought to have known better, which, I calculate, I did; but I felt so regular sure of the darned critter that I deserved to be disappointed for my pains." On my asking him if he still saw it, he said he did, though imperfectly, as it had moved from the place where he fired at it. "I guess," continued the Squire, "that we be agoing to make a good profit upon the young heifer after all, for you may depend the old slut is somewhere about the tree, and we work it nation ill if we don't scalp the 'hole on 'em." I was certainly of the opinion that the old panther we had tracked was in the tree; but as for our carrying off the *three* scalps I was not (as a Yankee would say) "so indubitably certified." But the Squire had made his own calculations, and would have staked his favorite rifle to a silver sixpence that we did not leave the bush without the three scalps in our pockets. During this short parley I had kept my eye intently fixed upon the adjoining tree, and once or twice I fancied that I heard a slight rustling in the hollow part of it; but before I had time to reach my former stand, the Squire had raised his piece and fired into one of the projecting limbs. The moment he had done so he called to me in a quick voice to "look out," and said that he had wounded the old slut, and expected she would be down in a few seconds.

I did not clearly comprehend whether he meant that he expected she would soon fall from the effect of his shot, or that she would be down and endeavor to make her escape. However, to be prepared for her I popped the sheathed hunting knife into a side pocket, and examining my rifle to see that it was "all right," I took my stand within about twenty feet of the young trees that surrounded the large one. Presently the Squire fired another shot, but I had no time to make inquiries, for I beheld a huge female panther rushing rapidly along one of the lower limbs, from which she descended into one of the saplings, by which I perceived that she was determined to reach the ground and be off. But when she had got within about twenty feet of the ground she made a halt, and the dogs perceiving her, they crouched down behind me, exhibiting evident symptoms of fear. While she remained there, although but for a few seconds, I saw the blood trickling down from some part of her body, so bringing my rifle to bear upon her as near to the shoulder as the branches would permit, I fired, and the next instant she sprang to the ground. "Go it, Clay—go it, Andy," (abbreviated, I suppose, from old Andrew the General) shouted the Squire to encourage on the dogs, and, by way of shewing them an example, I ran in before the brute could recover its legs, and commenced tickling it with the Squire's knife in the region of the jugular. But in spite of me and the knife, and the dogs to boot, who were all "teasing her," as Dennis would have said, she managed to get upon her legs, when, seizing one of the dogs by the back in her teeth, she gave it such a gripe that we had some difficulty in getting it home with us. I was not foolhardy enough to mount the panther's back and ride off into the wilderness, for I knew from experience that prudence is sometimes the better part of valor; so slipping behind a large tree, I left her an open field to attempt an escape by. But it was too much excited with pain, and weakened with the loss of blood, to attempt flight; so that had not the Squire taken a deliberate aim at it, and put a ball directly through its heart, I suspect the panther and I should have had a scuffle for championship before she had given up to me. But the Squire's shot was a finisher, and the instant the creature fell, the dog Andy ran in to complete the business if necessary.

Matters having taken this turn, "Colonel," said my companion, "I'm darn'd feared that the county treasurer has not the half of *sixty* dollars by him of the public money, for cash is confessedly scarce hereway just now I reckon; and I'm thinking the stingy skunk won't touch a dollar of his own; what say you to taking a Due-Bill from the County Commissioners for thirty dollars, with interest, for your share?" "Not quite so hasty, my good friend," replied I; "we have a saying in the Old Country among us anglers—first catch your fish before you fry them." And so it turned out on the present occasion; for although the Squire had fired at what he supposed to be another young panther, we in the end discovered that he had made a mistake, and that it had been nothing more than a large gray squirrel he had indistinctly seen through the foliage. The Squire, however, believed there was still another; but after spending a considerable time in vain search, we were obliged to set out homeward, my friend grumbling about my Due-Bill being for only twenty instead of thirty dollars.

As I was going to spend another day with the Squire, I consented to accompany him on the following morning back to the tree where he supposed we had left the young "painters;" but after a couple of his stout "boys" had managed to hew down the large chesnut tree, after more than an hour's hammering, when it came to the ground with a tremendous crash, the only *quadruped* we could discover (and that might be considered a doubtful case) was a beautiful little flying squirrel, that had been stunned by the severe concussion.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

Salmagundi.

Irish Flogging.—An Irish drummer being employed to flog a deserter, the sufferer, as is usual in such cases, cried out, "Strike higher." The drummer accordingly, to oblige the poor fellow, did as he was requested But the man still continuing to roar out in agony, "Devil burn your bellowing," cried Paddy; "there is no *plaising of you*, strike where one will."

Sinking and Swearing.—Two Jesuits, on their passage to America, were desired by the master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; he told them that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother went to the hatches to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel. "The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "then we are safe."

The Picayune in trouble; just hear him!

The lady who called at our office on Sunday, and requested an interview with us at her residence, is respectfully solicited to send us her address. We tried to find her out on Sunday afternoon, but could not; having forgotten her direction.

John Kemble's only Pun.—When it was understood that Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a seventy-four gun-ship, completely equipped, at his own expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether; I wonder what title they can give for supplying a ship; what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?" "Why, madam," replied Mr. Kemble, "I should think he will be called lord*ship*."

A Copper Conscience.—Mr. Curran, on examining a witness of the name of Halfpenny, began with "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter." "Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only *copper-washed*."

Matrimonial Happiness.—An old nobleman having married a young girl, was asked how he could possibly expect at his years to possess the heart of so young a female. He replied that he had rather possess a corner of her heart than the whole heart of an old woman who was tottering into the grave like himself.

A RAKE'S ECONOMY.

With cards and dice, and dress and friends,
My savings are complete;
I light the candle at both ends,
And thus make both ends meet.

George III. and Lord Bateman.—In March, 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the king, and with a very low bow begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag-hounds *turned out*. "I cannot exactly answer that," replied the king, "but I can inform you that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago." The Marquis of Caermarthen succeeded him.

Pope's last Illness.—During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thomas, who mutually charged each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them by saying, "Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way; therefore, all I now ask is that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the 'Dunciad,' by way of postcript:—

'Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.'

Consultation of Physicians.—A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to 'cure the fever and abate the thirst.' "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

The Dainty Criminal.—A criminal at Oporto about to be hung, would not quit the ladder before they gave him some liquor. A cup of wine being brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth; being asked why he did so, he answered, "Brother, because new wine is bad for the liver."

A Disappointment.—Sterne's maid-servant asked her master leave to go to a public execution. Soon after she set off she returned all in tears. On her master's asking why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labor, for before she reached the gallows the man was reprieved."

When General Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most indifferently performed, he called one of the actors and asked him the name of the piece.—"*The Stage Coach*, sir," replied Buskin. "The next time you play it," said the General, "I must ask to be an *outside passenger*."

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

STEWARDS—EARLS OF CHESTERFIELD AND SEFTON.

Most of our readers must be aware that the Heaton Park races, after a short but brilliant career, were brought to a close last season, and that, induced partly by this, and partly by the consideration that the Craven or Spring Meeting was not exactly well-timed, the Committee of the new Liverpool Race Proprietary determined on discontinuing the latter, and establishing an Autumn Meeting at the same period, viz, on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in the week succeeding Doncaster. The first of the "series" commenced on Wednesday last, but, notwithstanding the liberality of the Committee, evinced by the addition of public money to the amount of 500*l.* (independent of 200*l.* by the Palatine Club, and 50*l.* by Earl Sefton), and the reputation of several of the horses engaged, we are constrained to admit that it failed to answer the expectations of those under whose immediate auspices the change was effected. The stakes, be believe, were opened somewhat late in the season, and had not filled numerously; a want of horses prevented some of the plates from filling, and made but short fields for those that obtained the required number; it was rumored at Doncaster that this was likely to be the case, and no doubt kept many sporting men away. The policy of abolishing nearly all that class of stakes appropriated to amateur riders at Heaton Park has been called in question; it must be recollected, however, that "gentlemen jockeys" are not so plentiful as they were a few years back, and that it would be difficult now to make a "good field;" some are too old, others unwilling, and of the small balance remaining there are so few with *bona fide* qualifications, that we are disposed to look upon the course adopted by the Stewards as the best adapted to the interests and stability of the meeting. Admitting, therefore, that the races described below were less attractive than those for which they are proposed as a substitute, we will bring our introduction to a close by stating, that by advertising their stakes earlier, and altering a few of the conditions, the Committee may calculate upon making the next meeting worthy of the support of their friends, and of the wealthy town from which its name is derived.

The first day's racing, as we before mentioned, took place on Wednesday last; it turned out infinitely better than we had ventured to anticipate, and deserving of more liberal patronage than it received. The show of fashionable company was small, and was almost exclusively confined to the parties entertained at Knowsley and Croxteth; we had only time to select the following names:—Lords Eglinton, Miltown, Sefton, Stanley, Adolphus Fitzclarence, W. Tayone, and A. Seymour; Honorables Col. Anson, W. Rous, Fitzroy, F. Craven, R. B. Wilbraham, C. Stanley, Col. B. Molyneux, and Col. H. Molyneux; Sirs E. Codrington, J. Gerard, J. Boswell, R. W. Bulkeley, R. Brooke, Col. Anderton, and Col. Synge; Messrs. J. Stanley, Payne, C. Standish, Crommelin, J. White, J. Blackburne, &c. The weather was fine.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25.

The *Eglinton Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 5lb; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, or the Champagne or T.Y.O. Stakes at Doncaster, to carry 5lb extra; of any other T.Y.O. Stake 3lb extra; if more than one 2lb extra for each winning after the first, but none to carry more than 7lb extra; horses, &c. having started and not been placed at Liverpool July, Goodwood, or Doncaster, allowed 3lb; having started twice and not won allowed 5lb; in Scotland or Ireland having started once and not won allowed 5lb, twice 7lb; allowances to be deducted from extra weights, if carried; T.Y.C.; seven subs.

Mr. Meiklam's br. f. *Remedy*, by Physician	Darling	1
Col. Synge's b. c. Polydorus, by Priam, out of Rose	Marson	2
Lord Stanley's b. f. Betsey Austin	Lye	3
Mr. Speed's b. c. by Muley, dam by Longwaist	M. Jones	4

Betting.—6 to 4 on Remedy, 3 to 1 against Polydorus, 4 to 1 against the Muley colt, and 7 to 1 against Betsy Austin. The lot got away in compact order, and kept so half the distance, when Remedy took up the running, was clear of her horses before she reached the stand, and won in a canter by three or four lengths; Betsy and the Muley colt were nearly head and head for the third place.

The *Palatine Handicap Stakes*, a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 sovs added by the members of the Palatine Club, for all ages; two miles; 20 subs.

Mr. H. Robinson's br. h. *Melbourne*, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb	Marson	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb	Darling	2
Lord Miltown's b. f. Medea, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb	Stag	3
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	G. Francis	4
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. Clinker, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (5lb over)	Robinson	5

Betting.—5 to 2 on Lanercost, 6 to 1 against Melbourne, and 8 to 1 against La Sage Femme. Medea and Clinker laid in front at starting, and alternated the lead for nearly a mile, Melbourne being third, and Lanercost last; Clinker then passed the mare, and made tolerable running into the straight course, where he gave up, and Medea took his place; Melbourne and Lanercost went up about four hundred yards from home, and ran with the mare to the distance-post, where she was beaten; the other two went on and made a pretty race home, Melbourne winning rather cleverly by a neck; the other three were beaten off.

A *Match* for 500 sovs each, h. f.; T.Y.C.

Mr Fowler's b. f. *Lalla Rookh*, 8st	Darling	1
Sir Jas. Boswell's ch. f. Queen Anne, 7st 7lb	Lye	2

The betting commenced at 3 to 1 and finished at 5 to 2 on Lalla Rookh. The non-favorite made play until half way up the distance, where Lalla Rookh challenged, and, after making a show of a nice, won by half a neck. [It was reported that Mr. Fowler had expressed his willingness to match his mare against anything of her age for 1000 sovs. on receiving 7 lbs. It was said, too, that he had expressly named Crucifix; but this we cannot believe—it would be "tempting fate."]

The *St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs added, for three year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 5lb; the winner of the Derby or Doncaster St. Leger to carry 12lb extra, second for either, or winner of the Oaks, or of the Drawing Room Stakes, or Cup at Goodwood, or Cup or Gascoyne Stakes at Doncaster, 7lb extra; maidens allowed 4lb, and horses having started and never been placed allowed 7lb; one mile and three-quarters, eight subs

Lord Eglinton's ch. g. *Zoroaster*	Lye	walked over

The *Selling Stakes* of 40 sovs each, h. ft, with 50 sovs added; three year olds 7st 2lb, four 8st 7lb, five 8st 12lb, six and aged 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the owner of the second horse to save his stake; the winner to be sold for £200; heats, one mile and a half; six subs.

Mr. Speed's ch. c. *Aimwell*, 4 yrs	M. Jones	0	1	1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, 3 yrs	Lye	1	0	3
Mr. Dawson's b. c. The Blue Pill, 3 yrs	Oates	0	0	2
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. by Recovery, out of The Nab, 4 yrs	Neale	3	3	0
Mr. Clark's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, 3 yrs	Francis	0	2	0
Mr. Dickson's b. h. Anvil, 5 yrs	Marson	2	0	0

First heat—Betting.—2 to 1 against Charlatan, 3 to 1 against Aimwell, 3 to 1 against Blue Pill, and 7 to 2 against Auckland. The race was confined to the first three, and was won cleverly by a length; the others did not run for the heat. Second heat—Betting.—Even on Charlatan, 5 to 2 against Auckland, and 3 to 1 against Aimwell. A tolerable race between the first and second, but won cleverly. Charlatan waited for the next heat. Third heat—Betting.—5 to 4 against Charlatan, 6 to 4 against Aimwell, and 4 to 1 against Blue Pill A remarkably fine race between these three finished in favor of Aimwell by half a neck, The Blue Pill beating Charlatan for second place by about half a length.

THE DERBY.—The only Derby bets we heard were 7 and 8 to 1 against all he horses that ran in the Thursday's Two-year-old stake at Doncaster, and 2000 to 100 against Launcelot; 1000 to 30 was laid against Grey Milton at Manchester on Monday.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26.

The bill of fare provided for this afternoon was not of the most tempting kind; its chief, in fact, its only attraction, was the Cup, and, as things go now, a *cup* day and a *grand* day are synonymous—so much hangs upon a name. The prize thus denominated was not *exactly* a cup—it was a sort of Bobdignagian soup plate—a shield—so called, but just as much a shield as a cup—exceedingly handsome, *per se*, and a fitting ornament for a gent'eman's sideboard, but mistermed—neither cup nor shield; but still it was *called* "a cup," and this was quite enough to determine the character of the day: the public "took," and so did a variety of classes who live by them. We by no means intend to insinuate that it brought a crowd to the course; but it certainly caused a better attendance than on Wednesday, when the racing was as fine as it was abundant. Without being fastidious, therefore, as to the cause, it is sufficient for our present purpose to state that the effect was favorable to the races, and if we add to this that the weather was in accordance with the wishes of those present, and that the fashionables mentioned in our last were again "to the fore," we shall have said all that truth, the occasion, and our space, will admit of. On the arrival of the parties from Knowsley and Croxteth, the racing commenced with

The *Wilton Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 2 ft, with 50 sovs added; two year olds 7st 4lb, three 9st 4lb; fillies allowed 2lb, maiden three year olds at starting 4lb; T.Y.C.; three subs.

Mr. Heseltine's b. f. *The Shadow*, 3 yrs	Heseltine	1
Lord Stanley's ch. f. by Velocipede—Roseleaf, 2 yrs	H. Francis	2
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, 3 yrs	Lye	3

Betting: Even on the two year old, 2 to 1 agst Zoroaster, and 10 to 2 agst Shadow.—The two year old and Shadow ran nearly head and head half way up the distance, where the latter went ahead, improved her advantage every stride, and won easily by a length.

The *Stewards' Cup*, value 200 sovs, the rest in specie, by subs of 20 sovs each, with 100 sovs added; three year olds 7st, four 8st 7lb, five 8st 13lb, six and aged 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 4lb; the winner of the Derby, the Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster St. Leger or Cup in 1839, to carry 7lb extra; the second horse for the Derby or St. Leger 1839, the winner of the Ascot Cup 1839, of the Oaks 1839, or the Derby or St. Leger in any year, 5lb extra; of any weight for age Cup in 1839, 3lb extra; extra weights to be accumulative, but no horse to carry more than 12lb extra; no horse liable to extra weight to be entitled to claim allowances; but, except as above, maiden four year olds (except such as had been placed in the Derby or St. Leger 1838) allowed 7lb, maiden five 10lb, and maiden six and aged 14lb; horses having run in Scotland or Ireland after the 1st of July, 1839, and not receiving other allowance, to be allowed 7lb; two miles and a half; 10 subs.

Mr Bell's b. f. *La Sage Femme*, 8 yrs	Francis	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, 3 yrs	Lye	2
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Lightfoot, 3 yrs	Oates	3

Betting.—5 to 4 on Malvolio, 6 to 4 against Lightfoot, and 10 to 1 against La Sage Femme. The task of making "play" (*work* it was not) was entrusted to the outsider, who went off at a wretched pace, Malvolio lying at her heels, and Lightfoot next, close up; the positions and the speed continued unvaried for a mile and three quarters; the pace then became good, and at the last turn first rate; here the two horses closed upon the mare, and ran with her until half way up the distance, where Lightfoot's chance expired; the other two went on and continued the struggle to the end, the mare, after being once headed, winning by about half a neck; Lightfoot was a middling third.

The *Ormskirk Purse* of £50, added to a subscription of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, three year olds 7st 2lb, four 8st 2lb, five 8st 7lb, six and aged 8st 11lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; once round; five subs.

Mr. H. Robinson's b. h *Melbourne*, 5 yrs	Marson.	1
Lord Stanley's br. f. Velocity, 3 yrs	Lye	2

Betting - 2 to 1 on Melbourne. Velocity cut out the work until within the distance, where the horse went up, made her safe in two or three strides, and won in a canter.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27.

So far from this being "a day after the feast," as is too frequently the case with last days, it fairly laid claim to be classed as a "feast day" of itself; the list was plethoric enough to make amends for Thursday's deficiencies, and to satisfy any moderate appetite. We wish it was in our power to add that the liberal provision made was appreciated by the public—unfortunately, it was otherwise; the attendance was, if anything, smaller than on either of the preceding days, and there was a want of that gaiety which usually marks occasions of this kind. The weather was dry, but, as if to increase the prevailing dulness, so cold and windy as to bring great coats and cloaks into general demand. The racing, which was delayed nearly an hour beyond the appointed time by the late arrival of Lord Sefton and his party, commenced at two o'clock, and was not over until six. The following are the particulars:—

The *Knowsley Stakes* of 30 sovs each, h. ft, with 50 sovs added, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; one mile; the winner of the Eglinton Stakes to carry 5lb extra; three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *Rabbitcatcher*	Templeman.	1
Lord Stanley's b. f. Betsey Austin	Lye	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Rabbitcatcher, who made all the running at a middling pace, was never headed, and won in a canter by several lengths

The *Heaton Park Stakes*, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 sovs added; once round and a distance; 25 subs, five of whom paid 5 sovs each.

Lord Miltown's ch. m. *Cruiskeen*, 5 yrs, 5st 10lb	Stag	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	Templeman	2
Lord Eglinton ns. br. h. St. Bennett, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb	Lye	3
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Lightfoot, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	W. Robinson	0
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Ole Bull, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb	Lund	0
Mr. Ogden's br. c. Harpurhey, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	G. Whitehouse	0
Mr. Graydon's br. c. Roscius, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	W. Oates	4
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb	Francis	0
Lord Miltown's b f. Medea, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb	Brian	0

Betting. - 20 to 12 against Lanercost, 4 to 1 against Cruiskeen, 5 to 1 against Harpurhey, 5 to 1 against St. Bennett, 8 to 1 against La Sage Femme, and 50 to 6 against Lightfoot. After two false starts the horses were brought into something like "sailing trim," and got off at the third attempt in compact order. Ole Bull led the van for the first two hundred yards, and was then passed by Harpurhey, whose ammunition was expended on rounding the turn above the weighing house. Medea then took up the running in earnest, followed by Harpurhey and Lanercost, and so they ran to the last turn, where Medea, having done the needful for her Irish friend, left the front, and was immediately pulled up. Cruiskeen now went in advance, followed by Lanercost and St. Bennett; the pace good, and nothing else with the ghost of a chance; at the distance St. Bennett was in difficulty, but it was a race between the other two, who ran abreast, and on pretty equal terms, to the stand, where the mare obtained an unequivocal advantage, improved it every stride, and won cleverly by a length; St. Bennett was a respectable third, with nothing within three or four lengths of him; La Sage Femme was fourth, and Harpurhey fifth; next to them, in a cluster, were Ole Bull, Lightfoot, and Roscius; the latter may be a "star" in Ireland—in this country he has proved something else: he was last until Medea was pulled up. The lad who was on the winner is deserving of commendation,—he rode with great patience, and finished well. Lord Miltown won a thousand guineas in bets, and intends, we understand, to send his mare for the Cesarewitch Stakes. Lanercost, we believe, will not go.

The *Meggernie Castle Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added by the Earl of Sefton; two year olds 6st 4lb, three 8st 7lb, four 9st 3lb, five 9st 7lb, six and aged 9st 11lb; 2lb allowed to mares and geldings. A winner once in 1839 (matches and handicaps excepted) to carry 7lb, twice 4lb, and thrice or more 6lb extra; the owner of the last horse to pay 5 sovs to the owner of the second horse; the winner to be sold for £150. To start from the Bridge-turn and run in; 5 subs.

Mr. Whitelock's b. c. *Doctor Grainger*, by Physician, dam by Malek, out of Gin's dam, 3 yrs	Marson	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Shark, (late Col. Crawford's,) 2 yrs	Turner	2
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, 3 yrs	Lye	3
Sir Jas Boswell's b. f. Magdalen, 3 yrs	Templeman	4

Betting: 2 to 1 on Charlatan, and 3 to 1 against Shark. Doctor Grainger made all the running at a good pace, was seconded by Shark throughout, and won easy by a length; he was claimed.

A *Match* for 200 sovs each, P.P., 8st 4lb each; T.Y.C.; Sir Jas. Boswell's ch f. Queen Anne, against Mr. Fowler's b. f. Lallah Rookh.

Mr. Fowler's b. f. *Lalla Rookh*	Darling	1
Sir Jas. Boswell's ch. f. Queen Anne	Templeman	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on Lalla Rookh, who had all her own way, and won in a canter.

The *Option Stakes* of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 30 added; heats, one mile and a quarter; three year olds 7st 2lb, four 8st 2lb, five 8st 9lb, six and aged 8st 12lb. The winner to be sold for £150 if demanded, with the option of not being sold for less than £260, £250, or £300, carrying if for £200 5lb extra; for £250 10lb; and for £300 14lb extra; five subs.

Mr. Speed's ch. c. *Aimwell*, 4 yrs	M. Jones	2	1	1
Mr. Moss's ch. m. Maid Marion, 5 yrs	Shepherd	1	3	2
Mr. Dawson's b. c. The Blue Pill, 3 yrs	Lye	3	2	3

As neither Aimwell nor Blue Pill tried for the first heat, Maid Marion won it easy. Aimwell won the next two heats without difficulty

No race for the beaten Handicap.

The duties assigned to Mr. Etty, as Clerk of the course, and to Mr. Jackson, as Judge, were performed in the most satisfactory manner.

During the races the large room at Lucas's repository was opened as a subscription betting-room: it was fitted up in a style well adapted to the purpose, and will, no doubt, prove a welcome accommodation at the steeple-chace and July Meeting. The theatre was also open each night with Mr. and Mrs. Wood as "stars;" the receipts proved that their popularity has not diminished.

The following parties were entertained during the races:—At Knowsley (Lord Derby's), Sir Philip and Lady Egerton, Col. Hornby, Hon. Col. Anson, Mr. and Lady Arabella Arden, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbraham, Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall Legh, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, Mr. F. and Lady Eleanor Hopwood, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Starky, Mr. Edmund Hornby, Captain Hornby, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. At Croxteth (Lord Sefton's), Lords Eglinton, A. Fitzclarence, and Miltown; Dowager Countess Craven, Hon. F. and Lady Louisa Craven, Sir G. and Lady Gerard, Lady Vincent, Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Sir R. Bulkeley, Hon. Fitzroy Somerset, Hon. Col. B. Molyneux, Hon. Col. H. Molyneux, Hon. T. Rous, Capt. White, Mr. Standish, M. P., Mr. J. Stanley, Mr Payne, and Mr. Gascoigne. The ball at Croxteth Park on Friday night was attended by nearly 150 fashionables.

DONCASTER RACES.

A calm and deliberate review of the race for the great St. Leger has but strengthened my conviction that had Charles the Twelfth been ridden with judgment he must have won when it was pronounced a dead heat. Although, perhaps, not the clipper the betting led me to suppose, it is a fact that he was tried to be a better horse than Don John; and this confirms my opinion, expressed in the month of June, that the south country horses are not at all bad, and that Cæsar, the day he won the Riddlesworth, was a tremendous horse, and if well and fit to run, would have won the Derby in a canter. Bloomsbury was dead beat at the Red House, and evidently dead amiss. An easy winner of the Derby, it was not difficult to keep him a favorite; but it shows more and more how almost impossible it is to carry off Derby and St. Leger with one horse. It is now eleven years since Cadland and The Colonel ran a dead heat for the Derby: the Colonel was then beat, but afterwards won the St. Leger.—We may live many years ere this occurs again. No horse can run when he is not fit. Bloomsbury, that has made so sorry an appearance, is still a better horse than Charles or Euclid, and will live to beat them both. It is said that 4,000*l.* and half the stakes if he won were offered for him before the race, but that Mr. Ridsdale nobly refused it. It is allowed by all that Conolly rode beautifully. Hyllus ran just where I placed him, as did the Corsair. There was some reason in running the latter, as he is engaged on Thursday in a great stake with Bloomsbury; but why start such a wretched little animal as Hyllus I cannot imagine. He may be very well to carry 6st. 10lb., but 8st. 7lb. is enough to break his back. The Dolphin, too! a nice devil to run for a St. Leger; and had Lord Kelburne's hack been my property I do not think a bet of 40,000*l.* to 6d. would have made me let him run. Fitzambo went so curiously that a general shout issued from the stand when he galloped down the course. We have most of us seen a donkey in a lane with each fore leg secured by a rope to the one behind on the same side. As Fitzambo's galloping was just this he had a nice chance. He was still a decent horse to look at. Seven horses only started for the St. Leger last year, but it has once happened that four was the number. The field must naturally be smaller than the Derby, it being so much later in the year. Immediately after the dead heat the betting was strong at 6 to 4 on Charles. The Euclid party, however, hedging their money first, it was before starting 6 to 4 on Euclid: the latter took the lead at a slow pace, and at the Red House was four lengths ahead of his opponent. The long stride of Charles, however, told from the distance, and, although the judge gave it by a head (*pro bono Doncastero*, I presume), it was the general opinion he won by half a length clever. A dead heat for any great race has this advantage, that it enables people to get out, *alias* to square their accounts; and it may truly be said that a better settling has never been known. Not a single defaulter was, I believe, to be found; the great winners are supposed to be Colonel Anson, Mr. Bowes and Bill Scott! and Mr. Payne. The money lost was so well portioned out that not an individual suffered beyond what was come-at-a-ble and pleasant. As this troublesome business occupied the principal part of the day of Wednesday, there was scarcely any betting on Cup or Derby. An additional preventive to the speculation on the former appeared in the great uncertainty whether Charles would run after his two desperate races for the St. Leger.—The wind was cold and the stand nearly deserted, and no wonder—three races, with scarce any fields, the miserable attraction. Some betting in the evening at 5 to 4 on the young one, half a point more taken. A slight fire occurred in the evening, which did, I believe, little more injury than fill the streets with a thick smoke, bringing every one out from their *meal*—and indescribable nuisance at the time, but soon forgotten. At the rooms Mr. Orde, the owner of Bee's Wing, amused the gentlemen present by making his annual speech on the propriety of declaring Bee's Wing should run for the Cup. As it relates to the worn-out Harkaway business of last year, it may be as well to add here, that on Thursday morning three letters were exhibited on the wall, respectively the production of Messrs Ferguson, M'Donough, and Mr. Charlton. It appears that Harkaway is out of training, and was entered, contrary to the knowledge of his owner, for the Cup and Queen's Plate, the purpose for which he was entered being expressly to make good some bets which were made against him, provided he was entered. A more fraudulent transaction could hardly be imagined.—With this trivial alloy the Cup day must be called the best, by far, as respects company, sport, and weather. No less than forty carriages, with four horses each, passed between Doncaster and the course, and the sport consisted of four races, three out of the number as fine and noble contests as I ever witnessed. For the great 200 sov. Stake, Bloomsbury, Epidaurus, and the Corsair appeared. Bloomsbury ran so *well* and *stout* in the St. Leger that the public must needs bet 6 and 7 to 4 on him. I need not say he was dead beat at the Red House, and Corsair with a leg did not run much better. The next race, the Gascoigne Stakes, was remarkable for the betting. Kremlin was backed even against the field, also Provost; The Lord Mayor winning all the money without the slightest risk in the world. So fine a race has rarely been seen, and it shows pretty clearly how right was my judgment of the Goodwood running; The Provost was third in the St. Leger, and now the Lord Mayor beats him. For the Two-year-old Stakes ten were saddled; and here again gentlemen had nothing to do to win but to write down their bets. Six were backed freely, the winner never mentioned. The distance, nearly a mile, proved too much for Launcelot, the Brother to Euclid winning cleverly; Fitzroy a good third; the Duke of Cleveland's c. by Langar nearly last, although the favorite in the stable. The whole lot are, in my humble opinion, second rate; and as to a Derby favorite out of the public runners, it is a joke; there cannot be one at present; the only one that looks like coming to this distinction is Muley Ishmael (of course Lord Jersey's), 16 to 1 being this day taken about him. Judex may almost be said to be again triumphant. He selected Lanercost for the Cup, and he was beat a head only, 8 to 1 being bet against him by every body It was the general opinion had Robinson rode him he would have won. Charles the Twelfth ran an astonishingly stout horse; he appeared beat at the distance, but so good a judge is Tommy Lye of pace that he landed a winner as I have said. Bee's Wing, with 9st. on her back, through dirt, had no earthly chance, although to my surprise 7 to 4 was taken about her, and by good judges. The pace, by order of her jockey, was tremendous. Many people are accustomed to abuse the jockeyship of Thos. Lye, and some say he dropped his reins at the distance or might have won clever. This is a most erroneous idea, the fact being that Cartwright, on Lanercost, turned completely round to hit his horse on the back, which bodily exertion most unquestionably lost the race. As to Tommy losing his balance or the hold of his bridle, it is humbug; he rode with great judgment, and a reference to the calendar will go far to prove that he generally does so. Let him laugh that wins, say I, and Tommy Lye wins more races than any jockey in the kingdom. At the rooms, in the evening, a vast difference of opinion existed between Mr. M'Donough and Mr. Key, whose tones were loud and expressive. On referring the point of dispute for the decision of the stewards, it was decided that Mr. M'Donough was this time in the right key. The same evening evidence was taken as to the row "Somers *v.* Wakefield" at Goodwood: it being distinctly sworn that black was white, and *au contraire*, the gentlemen concerned in the inquiry professed their inability to decide, and adjourned the case until the October meeting at Newmarket. The ball was pretty well attended, but the absence of the *haute noblesse* and the dearth of fashion damped the entertainment much.

JUDEX.

HARKAWAY AND MR. FERGUSON ONCE MORE.

By the following, from "Bell's Life," it will be seen that *Harkaway* and his owner have been near getting into another row:—

On Thursday the following singular correspondence was exhibited on the wall of the betting-room at Doncaster; and although the letter signed with the name of F. Lechmere Charlton, presents features of great singularity, if not of ambiguity, we presume it is meant to convey the fact that "Harkaway" was entered for the Queen's Guineas and Cup, and the "Friar" for the Corporation Plate and Cup, without the authority of the owner, for the purpose of making bets about them P. P. Unaccompanied as these letters are by any explanation beyond what their own contents convey, and being ourselves absent from Doncaster at the time of their publication, we give them *verbatim et literatim*, without comment, as they have been sent to us:—

"I have been requested by the party now, and since Chester Races, concerned in the management of Harkaway, to expose a fraud that has been committed with respect to him, and I adopt this means in the hope that thereby might be discovered the writer of the one signed 'James Farrell,' the motive of which would be superfluous to depict. I shall only hope it has failed.

"I shall here take leave to submit the opinion of a very humble person, which is, that the continued infliction of punishment on the proprietor of Harkaway for his conduct at these races last year, though by a very immaculate community, would be highly just by that of the turf, is somewhat severe, and its condemnation is not so much in accordance with English as with the Spartan laws, which did not adjudge him criminal that overreached or robbed his neighbors, but him only that effected it so bunglingly that he was discovered.

"Doncaster, Sept. 19, 1839. F. LECHMERE CHARLTON."

The following are the letters to which the above has reference:—

"Mr. Lockwood: Sir,—I beg you will take no nomination for my horse Harkaway at Doncaster. I will not run him. I am, Sir, your obed't serv't,

"Rossmore Lodge, Sept. 10. THOMAS FERGUSON."

"Sir,—I have been desired by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. M'Donough to name Harkaway for the Queen's Guineas and Cup at Doncaster, and the Friar for the Corporation Plate and Cup, given by the Stewards, to be run for on Thursday. I am afraid that I shall not reach Doncaster in time, and if you have not received any instructions from the parties, shall feel obliged by your having them entered as above, and on my arrival I will call and settle the customary expenses, and remain, Sir, Your obedient servant,

"Royal Hotel, Dale-street, Liverpool, Sept. 12, 1839. JAMES FARRELL.

"Mr. Lockwood, Doncaster."

All we can say is, that while we remained in Doncaster we never heard the name of Mr. Ferguson, nor the names of his horses alluded to in the most remote manner. It seemed to be perfectly understood that no horse of his was likely to start, and we apprehend the public were sufficiently "wide awake" to prevent the perpetration of any fresh fraud.

"Bell's Life" of the following week has these further remarks upon this business:—

We have received a letter from Mr. Charlton, in which he takes us to task for presuming to state that his letter, exhibited in the Betting-room at Doncaster, "presented features of great singularity, if not of ambiguity," but consoles himself for our "censure," as he terms it, "with the expression of many individuals, diametrically opposed to it." All we can say is, that we meant not to convey any censure towards Mr. Lechmere Charlton, but still think that his letter was both "singular and ambiguous." The Hon gentleman then questions "the impartiality that the editor of 'Bell's Life in London' so continually plumes himself on," and says:—

"In 1838 he (the editor), or his reporter, no matter which, before he went to Doncaster, backed Harkaway for the Cup; and when he learnt he had reckoned without his host, and that his few sovereigns had gone from him and his heirs for ever, he vowed that 'he would never let Mr. Ferguson rest;' and as the publication of these two letters entirely exculpated Mr. Ferguson, the reluctance manifested by your paper to acquit him presents, in my opinion, no *feature of ambiguity*."

There is certainly no feature of ambiguity in this assertion, and we shall be as little ambiguous in giving it a flat contradiction, for the allegation is utterly false. Mr. Lechmere Charlton says that the exhibition of the letters respecting Mr. Ferguson's nomination for the Cup was calculated to profit the public, and to relieve Mr. Ferguson from censure. If such were the effect, it derived additional force from their appearance in our journal, and Mr. Charlton's object has been the more effectually attained. We deny that we have manifested any reluctance to acquit Mr. Ferguson, and when we are as thoroughly satisfied of his honor and integrity as Mr. Charlton, who now comes forward as his advocate, appears to be, we shall have no hesitation in giving him the full benefit of the change in our opinion.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

MY GOD-CHILD MARY.

When I was quite a young woman, in my best and (as the authors say) my most *palmy* days, I was prevailed on, much against my own inclination, to take on myself the responsibilities of a godmother to a little girl, the first and indeed the only child of an old schoolfellow of mine.

Tossed as I have been on the wild surges of human life, wrecked and despoiled by the same raging billows that have engulphed my dearest treasures, I have been prevented from fulfilling those duties to my namesake Mary that I certainly should have most scrupulously attended to, had calm and sunshine been upon my own little bark during after life: yet still, on my return to England, as I said, a shipwrecked mariner, many years after I had stood at the baptismal font with the new-born little earthly angel in my arms, I made repeated inquiries after the fate of both the mother and child, but could hear of nothing satisfactory. All I could gather respecting them amounted to merely this, that Mary, my god-child, had grown up a beauty, her mother had very early became a widow, and much embarrassed in her circumstances, but had found a friend in a Mr. Carpenter, a man of large fortune living in Devonshire, who, it was believed, had fallen desperately in love with my fair god-child. All beyond this information was an entire blank: whether Mr. Carpenter had married Mary; whether, indeed, she were living at all I knew not: they had left the village of Ide, near Exter, for many years, and all traces of them were lost.

The chances, as they are called, in this mortal life, are most extraordinary!—as if the various circumstances that happen to us all are past into an enormous bag, and shaken up together by the hands of some blind deity known by the name of "Chance," who, I suppose, shuffles us from human beings, and all our doings and destinies in it, against each other, just as she does a pack of cards at the game of whist; giving to some all the *honors;* to others, perchance, nothing but *black deuces* and *common soldiers*, as they call those below the *tens*, who are allowed to be non-commissioned officers, and hold that rank accordingly. I wish I could stop a moment here, and tell what happened to me some years ago in another particular instance, illustrating the wild caprices of this same shuffling demi-goddess Chance; but episodes are always disagreeable, and weaken much, I think, the main story, drawing off from it just so much interest as the *divaricating* one gains; so that they both become as weak and flat as the *sky-blue* the London milkman leaves at your door in the morning, chalking it up for the genuine produce of the cow. Even this little digression I have now made is, I see, most unpalatable: how then could I have thrown in here my marvellous narrative of *The Pearl Brooch and Sir Matthew Wood*, the then Lord Mayor of London? Yet such is the waywardness of human nature, it is not impossible but that some gentle and curious readers may exclaim, especially those who live in the city, and are deputies and common-councilmen, "Why the devil does not the woman tell us about it (if she have any thing to say), I should like to know? Her story about Mat. Wood, and, no doubt, the Guildhall dinner—there might have been some sense in that!" I pledge myself, most "reverend signors," that this story of *The Brooch and The Lord Mayor* shall be told, and in its fitting place.

I had returned from one of my *excursions*, useful and periodical, as are the visits of the monthly journals, when, as is usual after an absence of some weeks from home, I cast my scrutinising eyes on all things within and without my pretty domicile at Kensington, to see if any change had taken place during my absence, my old servant Bridget assisting me in my contemplations, as an aide-de-camp does his general on a recruiting party.

Burnished as well as polished steel could be, shone my whole fire-equipage full in my face, reflecting the self-satisfied smile of my trusty *second-in-command* as she pointed out to me, "that there was not a spot of rust, or *any such thing*, on my handsome register stove, fender, and fire irons." All my oddities and curiosities were safe, and free from a particle of dust on my cheffonier, my rosewood tables, and my white marble mantel-shelf. My handsome sleeping apparatus was in excellent order, with snow-white curtains, blinds, and toilet cover, in that comfortable retreat I strictly called "*my own*." In short, my whole house was *in order*, and fit for the reception of a much grander personage than the "Monthly Nurse," who had, however, by dint of her vocation, contrived to amass all these pretty things together, and to pay her rent and taxes as regularly as any housekeeper in Kensington parish.

Many cards had I to inspect, many notes to read, many messages to hear. Bridget, too, had to tell me of a rascally *tooth* of hers, that had, during my absence, tormented her to such a degree, that she actually sent the baker to tell the doctor to come with his nippers, and pull out the *offending Adam* from her mouth.

"I thought I was in heaven, madam," said old Bridget to me when she had gone thus far in her narrative, "when I saw the double-fanged *traitor* stick up like a criminal as he was in the doctor's twisting-iron, which had well nigh, though, twisted my head off into the bargain. I slept so soundly, ma'am, that night, that I never, if you will believe me, heard the milkman ring or the pot-boy call: they all thought I was dead, I believe. No, no; *I was in heaven then, for I had ease, and was asleep!*" Bridget had unwittingly given me a clearer idea of what heaven really is than any I had ever gleaned from books—a release from suffering, and a free communication with the eternal world.

"And is there any thing new in the neighborhood, my good Bridget?" inquired I with a little of the gossipping propensity of my *caste*, and wishing also to give my old servant's tongue somewhat of a holiday after having been shut up in *durance vile* for so long a time; for the worthy creature never will leave my house while I am absent, lest some mischief might ensue from the loss of my Argus, as she argues, and "some of my *valuables* be snapped away in a moment."

"There is such a fine handsome couple come to lodge just opposite, madam," said Bridget, "at No. 49: a young married pair they seem to me; and the lady has her mother staying with her sometimes. I often stand at the window to see them going out for an evening walk: he so very attentive, she so very delicate! He came back yesterday ever so far only to fetch her shawl, as she had gone out without one; and our laundress tells me that they are real gentlefolks, and that they wear such beautiful linen: and the gentleman is so fond of his young wife, that the servants say, "they always wish to be married themselves whenever they see their master and mistress together."

"That is no very unusual thing, Bridget," said I, "for female servants to wish themselves married: so go now, and bring up my tea: you may place the table a little nearer the window, and wheel up my arm-chair just before it, It is not cold; so I can take my tea, and look out into the street at the same time. I shall take a peep at your handsome young couple, Bridget, I assure you: but hand me that book; I can indulge myself in reading a little at the same time, whilst my tea is cooling. Yes, I will have a good plate of hot buttered toast, thin and brown, after your most approved fashion, Bridget. I eat no toast so good as yours; it is never greasy, yet it tastes fully of butter—O, how comfortable it is to be once more at home!"

I was sipping my second cup of tea at the window, feeling, as I always try to do, grateful for the blessings yet preserved to me, rather than fretting for those removed, when I saw the young people, living opposite, arrive and knock at their own door. Bridget was right: they were a very handsome couple; he about ten years her senior, tall, well-proportioned, and with a military air; she exceedingly fair, with regular beautiful features, but very pale, and with somewhat of a consumptive look. I perceived that the affectionate husband, after he had assisted her off with her shawl, made her lie down on the sofa, and carried to her a wine glass either some medicine or cordial, standing close by her side whilst she drank it, and then, taking up a book, seemed as if he were reading aloud to her, for I could see his lips distinctly move.

In one moment on witnessing these attentions (so made up of inconsistencies are we frail mortals), my pretty house at Kensington, and all the comforts in it were forgotten. I thought of the time when I was so beloved, so attended to as was now that fair neighbour of mine! All my gratitude for the thousand of blessings I possessed was gone in one "fell swoop:" I repeated to myself these lines from some anonymous writer:—

How visions of *the past* distress me!
How fling their *shadows* o'er the heart!
When gone the *substance* that should bless me,
Its *memory* also should depart!
Yet no—though grieving be a folly,
Give me the privilege to grieve;
Since these dark shades of melancholy
Are all departed friends *can* leave!

So I ordered candles, and my shutters to be closed, much to the surprise of my reasoning attendant, who wanted to know, if she had dared ask me, the *motive* of every one of my actions: what could Sir Isaac Newton have done more?—The light she thought was strong enough still to read by; the evening most delightful; groups of Kensington belles were passing by the windows, going to meet their husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, coming home from London and their daily occupations. "Why should I wish to shut out this stirring, delightful scene so early?" was the inquiry of old Bridget, mentally, it is true, but in spite of her silence, expressed by her looks.

"I do not feel very well this evening," I answered, to the mute interrogation I saw in Bridget's "*soul-reflectors*," as I have heard the orbs of vision called; "I shall retire this evening early to rest; to-morrow, no doubt, I shall be better:" and I closed my book, and approached the fire; where, sitting down, I indulged myself in the melancholy pleasure of contemplating some of those "*shadows*" that *the dead* had left me—those "*visions of the past*" I spoke of just now, until warned by my old servant "that it was ten o'clock; and as I said I would retire *early*, she thought she would inform me of the hour."

The next morning my eye caught again the sight of the charming young couple living opposite. How interesting did she look in her white morning dress; how rich were the curls of her dark chesnut hair. They breakfasted at the same hour I did, and then her work-box was brought her, and an ottoman stool for her feet. The husband after this prepared himself (it seemed to me) for going out. He returned from his sleeping apartment when fully equipped—approached his lady; his back was towards the window, but I could not be mistaken; he stooped and imprinted on her lips a parting salutation.

What could possess me? I could not keep my eyes from the house opposite. I felt infatuated; my work, my writing, was only a pretence. I found myself every moment watching each movement of the lovely stranger after her husband had departed. I was become all of a sudden a busy-body, a lady *peep-about:* I could not resist the magic influence of intense curiosity.

Presently a hackney coach stopped at the door of No. 49. What had I to do with the hackney coach? Every thing, it seemed to me. I felt ashamed at my silly infatuation, and turned my back, for a moment, most virtuously, upon the window. The effort was unavailing. There was I again, when the coachman had given his flourishing rat-tat-tat, watching who would get out of the vehicle, and if they would stay long there visitors of my very handsome opposite neighbour.

I soon solved the mystery of the hackney coach. I saw in a moment that the lady who descended from it was the mother of my incognito at No. 49, for such she undoubtedly was to me. A portmanteau and band-box proclaimed that the newly arrived was just returned from a journey. What was that to me? I saw the mother and daughter embrace each other very affectionately: it was very natural they should do so after their separation; and then (but I could not, however, account so easily for that) I saw the younger lady wring her hands together as if in an agony of grief, and some restoratives were applied to her, as if she had fainted away from some cause or other.

My beautiful neighbor, then, was not happy! She had cause for sorrow, although, to all appearance, most eligibly married, and having a husband who evidently adored her! What could be the cause of this excessive grief I had witnessed? Whatever it might arise from, I soon plainly discovered that she would not suffer her partner to share her afflictions, for she met him on his return with a smiling countenance, and in the evening they walked out together in Kensington Gardens, where I myself took a stroll, and found myself, by the leger-demain tricks of this same modern chance, sitting near the young wedded pair, in one of the alcoves of the gardens, just opposite the Serpentine river.

"Your mother looks pale, I think, dearest," said the noble-looking fellow who called this charming woman his. "I think her journey into *Devonshire* has done her but little good: I am glad I did not suffer you to accompany her."

At the sound of *Devonshire* my bosom throbbed; it always does so at hearing of that county; I lost not a word of their conversation.

"When I look at that pale face of thine, my dearest *Mary*," said the gentleman tenderly, "I feel almost frightened lest you should not be able to endure the climate of India, and yet, it would break my heart to leave you behind me."

"The voyage will do me good, Forbes," replied the young lady, with a voice that came upon my ear like music. "Would to God we could set off immediately!"

"How will you bear parting with your mother?" enquired the husband. "You will have but *one* solitary heart to repose on in that strange land, Mary; but I think you can rely safely upon its unabating watchfulness over its greatest treasure."

"When will our equipments be ready, Forbes?" was the reply; "I am most anxious to embark."

"How I rejoice to hear you say so," said the husband; "I feared England would have clung around your heart, although you have no connection but your mother to draw you to it: it is fortunate for your feelings that it is so. I suppose she will like to reside in Devonshire when we are gone?"

"I should think so," said the young wife; but there was a tone of reserve about these words that struck me much. I observed also that no allusion whatever was made to that sudden outbreak of anguish I had myself witnessed that very morning.

"Can you be ready, Mary, think you, in three weeks?" asked the military stranger, for such I saw he was.

"*In one!*" answered she most fervently, and I saw a shudder pass over her fine features.

"Has your mother seen Mr. Carpenter since he left town?" enquired the husband, carelessly, after a short pause; "but she will tell us all about her journey this evening, Mary, when we are all sitting together round the fire."

"O of course," replied the pale beauty; but I witnessed again a look of such inexpressible, such inexplicable agony, flash across her face just then, that it made me start, but her husband was looking another way, and in another moment she complained of feeling cold. He wrapped her shawl more closely round her, and she took his arm and departed, making a slight move to me, as I sat, apparently reading, on the other side the box, but, in fact, busied in profound abstraction.

"*Devonshire!*" I repeated to myself after they had departed—"*Carpenter!*" he mentioned the name of Carpenter, and he called her also "*Mary!*"—can it be possible that chance has thrown in my way that very god-child of mine, after whose fate I have made such ineffectual enquiries? Why did I not ask her at once if her maiden name was not Cottrell? That elderly lady, then, was my old schoolfellow! Heavens and earth! how altered do we become by time! The little helpless babe is changed into this beautiful woman, and my late pretty-looking friend her mother grown out of all recollection; double her former size, and certainly not improved in personal charms! How altered, then, must I myself be! and so, no doubt, will Mrs. Cottrell think—that is, if I am right in my conjectures. Poor Mary! if this be she, then some mystery lies about her. I could not be deceived in the expression of those features. She has some secret sorrow preying on her; but I will know more about all this before I sleep. And with this firm resolve I hastened home, opened immediately my writing-desk, and dispatched by the hands of the astonished Bridget a note to No. 49, couched in the following terms:—

"If the name of *Cottrell* happens to be the family one of the ladies in the house opposite, a very old friend of the mother, and the sponsor of the daughter, would feel much pleasure to renew her acquaintance with both. Should the writer of this have deceived herself, an apology is due to the ladies thus addressed."

I had ordered Bridget not to wait for an answer; and as full half an hour passed, and I received no communication from *over the way*, I began to think I was upon a wrong scent altogether, yet still I fancied politeness might have dictated some immediate reply to my inoffensive note. I plainly observed that it had caused some little commotion and conversation between the two ladies, from which the gentleman seemed quite excluded. They had gone up together to the younger one's sleeping apartment, and there they were, I perceived, with my note in their hands, their heads hanging over it, and evidently in deep consultation.

"How ridiculous!" thought I, "to make such a fuss about answering so simple a question! I shall think no more about them. Perhaps it is better for me to let matters stand as they do at present with regard to my god-daughter Mary, let her be wherever she may be. I have an anticipation that I shall hear no pleasing tidings of her whenever she should *cast up*, as they say, for there was a manœuvring spirit about that mother of her's I well remember that I much disliked; there was in her a disregard, sometimes, to *truth*, and a total want of candor in her general character. What conditions could such a one as Mrs. Cottrell then was, supply for the development and growth of divine and virtuous principles in her child? It is better, I am sure, that I should never hear of them at all."

But this was not to be my fate. A double knock was soon heard at my door, and the elder of the two ladies at No. 49 entered my drawing-room with an air of some hesitation and confusion. No natural, and therefore beautiful, delight at meeting with so early a friend as myself shone upon her countenance; she was cold, constrained, and evidently uncomfortable; she seemed much embarrassed when she acknowledged that her name was "*Cottrell*," and, to my extreme surprise, desired she might be allowed to speak to me in my *back* drawing-room, as she had something confidential to impart to me.

I have an intuitive as well as an experimental horror of the word "*confidential*." I never yet heard anything agreeable come to me through that medium, but I could make no solid objection; so, throwing open my folding-doors, I followed my old friend with a new face into my back room, carpeted, it is true, like the front one, but without the comfort of a fire, and altogether quite a different sort of a thing.

Mrs. Cottrell closed the door after her, and, as I turned round just before, I saw her son-in-law standing with a book in his hand at the opposite window, his eyes fixed on those of my house. I mentioned this circumstance, as I sat down, a little out of humor, by the side of my visitant.

"How very disagreeable that is," exclaimed Mrs. Cottrell, turning as red as a peony. "Then he knows that I came in here after all. I told him I was going to change a book; and so indeed I have been, but I did not say I was going to call here."

"It is not of much consequence such an omission," said I, rather piqued by her manner. "Then, *now*, I suppose, you will have no objection to return to the other room, for, to tell you the truth, this feels rather chill, for it has not had a fire in it since I have been away."

"Perhaps he only looked at your house by accident," musingly exclaimed my quondam friend, more to herself than to me. "I should rather my son-in-law *did not know* I called here."

"Just as you please," I answered coldly and proudly enough; for I conceived Mrs. Cottrell had heard I was a "monthly nurse," and so, like a fool, was ashamed of my acquaintance."

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, altogether," fawningly said Mrs. Cottrell, putting her hand on mine, which imparted to me no magnetic sympathy or warmth. The spirit that stimulated that action then felt no affection or interest for me, as she called me "*Dear Mary.*" The word *dear* is so worn to tatters with indiscriminate use, that I would not give a brass farthing for it; yet I had heard in former times the words "Dear Mary" with strong emotion, but *then* it was evolved by a corresponding sentiment—then was the term indeed *dear*.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, I plainly see," said Mrs. Cottrell; "I am rejoiced once more to embrace you;" and she folded her arms around me, but they created no wish for a response from mine. I sat unmoved as a statue, chilled to the very heart, not by the atmosphere of the room altogether, but by the withering influence of my visitant.

"It is many years since we met, Mrs. Cottrell," said I; "you know not the pains I have taken to find out, since my return to England, you, and more especially my god-child and namesake. What an elegant, lovely creature she appears."

I found it was incumbent on me to say something, but my visitor's thoughts were pre-occupied; she heard but very indistinctly, it was apparent, my praises of her daughter's person. I grew impatient at her absence of manner, and was heartily sorry that I had sent over my note to No. 49, which had brought upon me the infliction of her presence.

"You are cold here, I see," at length observed the lady, enquiringly, and again looking very uneasy.

"Rather," was my laconic reply.

"If you are quite sure that my son-in-law saw me enter here, we had better go at once and sit by your comfortable fire in the outer room," observed the lady.

"I know nothing about that, but I am sure that I never saw him look so *decidedly* over at my house before," answered I, quite astonished and disgusted by her whole conduct; "and if he does know you are here, will he not think it very *odd* that we should closet ourselves in here?"

This was quite a random shot of mine, but it did vast execution.

"You are quite right," said she; "it *will* look as if we had something to talk over in secret—as if there were some mystery—I should like to avoid that, certainly. Perhaps we had better, then, go back and sit ourselves down in the front room openly at once."

"Your son-in-law must be a very tremendous and extraordinary man," said I, "if he cares a fig in which room we place ourselves to talk over *days gone by;* and I led the way, "nothing loth," to my warm and elegant drawing-room, offering her the seat of honor, my handsome Morocco arm-chair.

"No, not there," answered she, declining my favorite seat; "I will get away from the fire, if you please, and sit down here. Have you any objection to put the shutter a little to?"

"There is no sun," I answered; "but if the light is too much for your eyes, exclude it if you please."

But Mrs. Cottrell would not approach the window herself, and I would not humor her in so silly a fancy, especially as it was getting rather dark, and I knew that it was to avoid the eyes of her son-in-law that she wanted to close the shutter. I was in no humor to indulge her in such nonsense.

"I heard of your husband's death whilst I was in India," said I, when we had been seated in silence a couple of minutes, I should think, and were beginning to feel awkward.

"Did you indeed?" almost gasped Mrs. Cottrell; "and did you hear of nothing more?"

"Not whilst I was in the East," answered I. "A few years ago, when tried all I could to discover you both, all I could gather was, that you had been in severe difficulties, but that a most charitable gentleman of the name of *Carpenter* had relieved you from them, having settled, I was told, an annuity upon you. I heard, too, that he was much attached either to you or your daughter—they could not tell me which. Is *Carpenter* the name of your son-in-law, or are you married to him yourself?"

"Neither the one nor the other," answered my former friend; but her voice seemed choked, and I perceived her lips turned exceedingly pale. There was another very long pause. I felt my own heart pant with increased pulsation, but *why* it did so I could not have explained. Some of the finer instincts of my nature were, no doubt, at work within me; the grosser sense knew nothing whatever of their fine perceptions.

"I have most particular reasons, Mary," said Mrs. Cottrell, again trying to assume a look of interest for me, in which she utterly failed—"yes, very important reasons why, if you should ever become acquainted with the Major, my daughter's husband, that you should not mention the name of *Carpenter* to him; he was a little jealous of the attentions of that gentleman to Mary when he engaged my daughter to marry him some years ago. She then was little better than a child, and he only a captain. He used to send her the most elegant presents and the most delightful letters from India, yet, I assure you, I never thought it would be a match."

"If he sincerely loved your child, and was a man of honor, there could be no doubt of it," said I; "he seems deeply attached to her now, however."

"He loved her from the first moment he beheld her," said the mother, "and he dotes on her now almost to distraction. He purposes to go to India for another step of rank, and then return and enjoy his ample fortune and her society in his native county Worcestershire."

"Worcestershire!" said I, breathlessly; "what is his name?"

"Major ————," answered my visitor; "his christian name is Forbes."

"Good God!" said I, feeling my cheek turning very white; "what an extraordinary interview this is altogether."

"You know him, then?" enquired Mrs. Cottrell, with so keen a look of enquiry, that it seemed to cut me through, and at the same time to admonish me to be cautious myself in reply.

"I knew a relation of his abroad," said I, striving to regain possession of my feelings. I did not choose to tell her that Major ————, her son-in-law, was the nephew and heir-at-law of my dear deceased husband; but the name I had repeated seemed to strike her ear strangely, without giving her any definite idea. She had forgotten all about me; all she knew was, that I had been married to some one, and had gone out to India; the rest was a chaos in her mind, yet still she seemed ashamed to own how very little she had interested herself about me.

"Your name at present is ————?" enquired she.

"Yes, Griffiths," said I, and I had most powerful reasons now, indeed, for keeping my real one concealed. My husband's nephew, then, he who inherited his estates, entailed on the male heir, he who would inherit also in due course of time if he lived, an appendage to his name, that men so much covet, this very nephew, then, was married to my god-daughter, and both of them lived *over the way*, perfectly unconscious, at least the nephew, that so near a connection was located just opposite.

It was now my turn to wish the shutters closed, not that I feared recognition from Major ———— (he had no knowledge of my person), but still I did not like his eye upon me, so I rang immediately for candles, and ordered the curtains to be drawn.

"I cannot stay longer now," said Mrs. Cottrell; "let me entreat you to be cautious, should you fall in with the Major, not to say much respecting days long past, family connections, and all that; and never, let me conjure you, mention the name of *Carpenter* in his hearing, or indeed in Mary's."

"When shall I see her?" I asked, at that moment thinking only of the tiny creature I once held in my arms, with a small quilted white satin bonnet on, and petticoats at least three times longer than herself.

"Shall I bring her over to you to-morrow morning?" asked Mrs. Cottrell; "the Major, I know, is going then to the Horse Guards, and she can spend an hour with you, without fear of his knowing it."

"It is a bad thing," said I, "to have concealments of any kind from a husband: and, for such a trifle as this, it seems to me a perfect folly: but be it as you will;" for, I recollect, just then, that I was quite as anxious to avoid the Major as his mother-in-law was to keep us from each other. So she departed with the promise, that on the succeeding day, about twelve, she would present my god child and my namesake Mary to me.

Little sleep got I that night; I was troubled, like Martha of old, about many things I had many misgivings about my beautiful niece that I could not define. I could not endure her mother, who could do nothing, it seemed to me, straightforward. I had watched her even as she went from my house the evening preceding: she had darted across the way like a hunted hare, in the first instance, and had concealed herself under the balcony of No. 49, her own domicile, until my door had slapped to; then, giving herself a minute's time, or more, she had stolen softly through the little front garden, into the open street again, taking a short turn, and then boldly returned, making a noise with the garden gate, and looking up with a smiling face to the first-floor windows. I saw her nod to the Major, who had been attracted to the window by the studied rattle she had made on entering with the slide-lock of the gate; she proceeded, and gave a thundering rap at the street door. I saw this comedy enacted from the window of my bed-room, whither I had hastened after her departure.

All this may appear as very trifling, but I saw more in it; here was *art, design, manœuvring*, and for what purpose! That was beyond my power to discover, but my heart asked, as I thought, to what a being was my little, tender, bleating lamb entrusted—the poor innocent whom I had pledged myself before God to watch over and protect. Can it be wondered at that I passed a sleepless night!

I selected one or two trifles the next day as presents for my god-child, but

how inadequate were they to express the thrilling interest I felt for her! "*I must talk to her alone,*" said I, "for, under the influence of that fiend-like mother, I can learn nothing of her real character. How is it possible she can be any thing but artful with such an example as she has had ever before her!"

Between twelve and one the mother and daughter arrived; and it was with fond affection that I gave to that most beautiful young creature a tender caress. I never yet could analyse the cause of many of my emotions; they seem to me beyond the power of definition—something *occult* and *mystic* about them. But are we not both one and the other ourselves!

"Mary," said I, trying to restrain my tears, "you were a sweet, unconscious blossom when I last beheld you."

"Would that I had ever been so, Madam," was the thrilling reply. "Children are very happy beings, and very innocent."

"And are not *you* happy, my sweet god-child?" asked I. The question was a gratuitous one; I knew that she was *not* so, and the tears that rushed into her fine eyes were a confirmation of that knowledge, had I needed it.

"*Happy!*" broke in the odious, because most insincere mother; "has she not every thing to make her so? Well married, with a handsome, loving husband! Going out like a princess to India! Such beautiful dresses! Such elegant ornaments! She is one of the most fortunate girls alive!"

Alas! Mary herself did not look so. Those dark-fringed eyes of her's had a melancholy in them that could not be mistaken. Gentle she seemed, as well as suffering; a being that could be played on, that had not energy enough to turn away the hand that afflicted it. How did I long to have her five minutes to myself!

"Mary!" cried I, with strong emotion, "would to heaven that I had known you throughout your youthful days; that you had grown up under my wing, and been to me as a daughter!"

"Would to heaven that I had!" responded the poor creature, with an emotion equal to my own; but there was a frown, dark and admonitory, on the mother's brow: it coerced the child, and she remained mute, and, as it were, her mind collapsed.

"Mother!" thought I; "can such a being as this be worthy of such a title! She is a tyrant, and not a mother."

"We must not stay too long," said Mrs Cottrell, in an imperious voice; "the Major may return before the hour he mentioned, and it is better not to——"

"Mamma!" exclaimed poor Mary, "we have not been here half an hour as yet; indulge me with a little more intercourse with one I am sure I should have loved, could I but have known her from my infancy. I shall soon leave you both, and—and—England for ever. Yes, *for ever;* for I feel, mother, that I shall never return;"—and, overcome by some secret source of sorrow, she threw her arms suddenly round my neck, and sobbed aloud.

"You promised not to be a fool, Mary," ejaculated Mrs. Cottrell, in a very gentle voice. "If I could have foreseen this scene, you never should have come. Now, *he* will see the redness of your eyes, and then he will begin to suspect something. Pray do not weep in that stupid manner."

"Let her alone a few moments," cried I, folding her fondly to my bosom. O how did I wish then that she had been my daughter instead of her's—how I would have cherished her.

Impatiently did Mrs. Cottrell await the time I specified, going often to the windows to see if the Major had returned. Mary at length revived; I gave her my little offerings, and kissed her fair forehead, with a trepidation, that I could not account for, and then the mother and child departed.

How infatuated did I become after this interview about my lovely namesake! I felt inclined even to offer myself to accompany her to India, only that I might have the pleasure of her company, of seeing those expressive eyes beaming with a daughter's love upon me—but this could not be; so I contented myself with *purchasing* from her avaricious mother—(yes, actually *purchasing*, by means of expensive presents)—the privilege of spending as much time with her daughter as could be safely done, without coming into contact with the Major; but I have good reasons for knowing that he was fully aware of those clandestine visitings of ours; and that it gave him great pain to find there was such a want of candor and openness in the character of the woman he so tenderly loved. That he attributed such conduct in a great measure to the covert and wily influence of the mother, I am also well assured; yet still he was much hurt, and inwardly consoled, that he should so soon remove his beloved wife from such pernicious example, when, he fondly trusted, his Mary, affectionate and gentle as he knew her to be, would soon get rid of this shade, this blemish on her character, he now so keenly deplored.

With a precaution that did him honor, I have since found out, that the Major made most strict enquiries in the neighborhood as to the entire respectability of the lady *over the way*, with whom his wife and her intriguing mother-in-law had so suddenly become intimate. Satisfied most fully in this particular, his wonder must have increased as to why they should both be so silent as to any acquaintance; why also Mrs. Griffiths herself should always disappear when his knock was heard at the door; why his Mary should hurry home from the house opposite always a few minutes before she expected his return.

Love is sometimes most ingenious in forming excuses for the object of its affection; at other times equally as expert in self-tormenting. If I were disposed, I could most clearly make out, that the votaries of *la belle passion* were divided into these two classes, namely, *The Extenuators* and *The Accusers*. We have now the *philosophy* of the most trifling things, gravely put forth by writers, and as gravely perused by the public—(who, by-the-bye, will swallow any thing, if properly honeyed over)—why then should there not be the philosophy of love, duly treated of, and the *heart* of the lover or husband, as minutely *mapped out* and labeled as are the *heads* of all the distinguished personages in Christendom.

The equipment of Major ——— —— and his lady was now finished, and sent on board "The Malcolm," proceeding direct to Calcutta. The ship was expected to *drop down* to Gravesend in a day or two: the passengers were to join her at Portsmouth. I knew every step of these proceedings, and indeed could think of nothing but the approaching departure of my much-loved godchild, when I saw the general postman knock at the door of No. 49. What of that! The Major and his family received letters every day; yet, and I cannot account for it, I felt strange and uncomfortable, as I saw the servant take this one letter in, and proceed with it to the dining room, where the Major was reading by himself, the ladies being up stairs. I kept my eyes fixed upon him, veiling my person from his view by the white muslin drapery of my windows.

I saw him look curiously at the direction, and after that break the seal. I saw him start and strike his forehead with his clenched hand. I saw him pace up and down the room with steps like a maniac; stop, and gaze wildly around him. I became alarmed. He was the nephew of my husband, and I could not endure to behold his agonies. "What can have happened!" I exclaimed aloud. I turned to look at him again; he had snatched up a pen, and was writing: I watched him anxiously: he enclosed the letter he had just received, or, at least, I fancied it was the same, in the sheet of paper on which he had written; he threw it on the table with much vehemence, again struck his forehead, and then rushed from the house with the speed of the insane.

I felt my lips quiver, my knees shake. "I can bear this no longer," said I; and, seizing my shawl, that was lying on the sofa, I ran over, without my bonnet, to my opposite friends. I mounted up stairs, without speaking a word, to the drawing-room; there lay the letter of the Major, still unopened, blotted and blurred, upon the table—not even was it wafered; it was directed, in a broken, irregular hand, to *Mrs. Cottrell.*

"I thought so," said I, aloud. "Here has been some horrid discovery—some machination of this plotting woman! God grant that poor Mary may not be the *victim* of her mother's intriguing spirit!"

Both mother and daughter entered at this moment; the latter had been netting me a card-purse, and affectionately approached me to present it, as a parting memento of her regard, when a scream from Mrs. Cottrell drew our attention: she had read the letter, and fell into strong hysterics. How I do hate that noisy affection, which resembles, it seems to me, more *passion* than *malady*, and is so easily counterfeited, that I always look at it with most jealous eyes.

Mrs. Cottrell soon got over her fit of crying, laughing, choking, and kicking, all mixed up together, and we knew but too soon after the contents of this fatal letter. These were the words of the enclosure:—

"Madam,—Read the enclosed, and judge the state of my feelings! I hasten to ascertain the *truth* or *falsehood* of the statement there made, and shall either return to the bosom of her I adore, cleansed of my suspicions, or she will see me no more. In pity keep this from *your daughter* until you see me or hear from me again."

"Mother! mother!" franticly shrieked out the wretched Mary, "then is *all* discovered! I knew it could not be concealed! I told you so a thousand times! This is all your doing, mother, and for *your* sake I shall perish! Oh, Mrs. Griffith, help me—comfort me! I have wronged him! *deceived* him! I am a wretch! a hypocrite! a false, false woman!"

Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Belvidera, could not have surpassed the tragic pathos of this scene! It riveted the heart of the beholder. There is a sublimity in extreme agony, that no one can gaze on without compassion. What could I say to such an appeal—what answer give to the anguish of those eyes, turned towards me helplessly imploring for assistance? "It may turn out better, dearest Mary, than you imagine," was all I could articulate; but then I could hold her hands in mine, kiss her pale, cold forehead, on which the *dew of death* seemed to have risen—drops wrung from the very extremity of nature's suffering.

"Read it, and judge for yourself," cried Mrs. Cottrell, who had resumed the letter, and was poring over its contents, herself as pale as ashes. Concealment is now out of the question; read it, and see if we can devise some means to defeat the malice of this anonymous enemy."

I read the following, and had nearly fainted:—

"Noble Major! you are a gallant fellow, and a brother officer: I cannot endure to see you so deceived. Go instantly, before you embark for India, go into Lincolnshire, to a small village called Merton, two miles from Gainsborough, enquire for a Mrs. Hutton there, not the lady in that fine stone house, who owns the manor, but Mrs. Hutton, near the chapel; she has a child she nurses there, who goes by the name of *Henry Sinclair.* That child is the *illegitimate offspring of your adored Mary and that villain Carpenter!* She was sold to him, for a *vile annuity*, when little more than a child herself, by her unprincipled mother, and this *after* her engagement to yourself! You are too noble a fellow to leave this unfortunate girl to starve, but she must not go out to India as your unspotted wife.—Yours, ANONYMOUS."

I held this appalling communication in my hand, but could not find the voice to say, "*And is this true?*" I saw it was; I felt it was, even in the innermost depths of my being. To have uttered a reproach to Mary then would have been like hurling a missile at a wretched malefactor standing on the scaffold, on the point of expiating his crimes by the severest punishment. I have heard that the lowest of the populace have thrown stones and offal *at such criminals* at such a moment; but I can only wonder and deplore the hardness of their stony hearts. The hour of suffering, from whatever cause it arises, is not the hour for reproaches. If there be a devil in a shape or form, whether like Milton's Satan, or the one of Coleridge, habited in blue and red, I think he would be too much of a *gentleman* to insult the miserable.

What a wretched history did I glean by snatches only during that most unhappy night, for I would not leave them. I gathered that Mrs. Cottrell had entertained very little faith in the promises of the Major then Captain, towards her child; that Carpenter had before made dishonorable proposals for her, and finding that Mary was now engaged, stopped his annual allowance to her mother. Poverty stared her in the face, and she had not courage to turn round and clutch the enemy, to wrestle with him, and deprive him of his sting. She knew no way to gain an honest livelihood, and would not seek to learn one. She had the baseness, therefore, to traffic with the rich and unworthy Carpenter for the innocence of her child. Disgust forbids me to give further details.

I learnt, with some amelioration of my grief for Mary's fall, that she would not continue to live a life of shame in Mr. Carpenter's home after her seduction and ruin. She escaped from it in despair, and fled, she hardly knew how, into the county of Lincolnshire, where she hoped to find a distant relation who would protect her; but death had carried off this her last hope of refuge. Her mother had traced her steps—had regained possession of her—a *most teasing* scene had ensued between them—but Mary would not return to the abode of infamy; so Carpenter, a libertine without a heart, weary of her reproaches and tears, sought some other victim.

After the birth of Mary's infant, born to her, indeed, in pain and sorrow, it was placed, by the intriguing mother at the village of Merton, as being far out of the way of all discovery; Carpenter paid an annual sum for the care of it, and as the woman had never seen its unhappy mother, there was this slender hope to cling to, that the Major, although he might and would trace out the child there living, yet he might not be able to identify it as having been borne by his wife, whom he had found on his return from India, to claim her as his affianced bride, living in modest retirement, and, it seemed to him, under the protection of her maternal parent (such a parent!) in the same county in which he had first beheld her.

I cannot exonerate my poor god-child from her share of blame in hiding, as she had done, all these most disgraceful circumstances from the knowledge of her confiding and constant lover; but Mary was naturally of a weak frame of mind, easily worked upon, and under the most malignant influence. She suffered, she told me, tortures inexpressible, when the Major expressed his alarm at seeing how pale and thin she had become; when he heaped every tenderness upon her; when he thanked her for preserving her faith to him *inviolate.* He never liked Mrs Cottrel; so, whenever he by chance discovered any slight deviation from candour in the conduct of his Mary, he always made some allowances for such blemishes, and attributed them in a great degree to the designing mother.

Throughout the whole of the next day, we talked incessantly on the possible chances that remained for Mary's character being preserved to her husband, or, at least, held doubtful. To me they had each confessed that the child at Merton was decidedly the illegitimate one of that woman who was now the wife of my husband's nephew. I knew this fact. Ought I, then, supposing he returned unconvinced, hoping, nay, trusting, that the whole was a vile calumny invented by some anonymous enemy, perhaps by Carpenter himself, who, he knew, had been a great admirer of Miss Cottrel when he himself proposed to her, and might seek to destroy his wedded happiness,—ought I to be silent in the affair, suffer him to take to his bosom a polluted being, and thus become an accessory in deceiving him? I decided, at length, that if Mary should escape from full exposure through this visit into Lincolnshire by the alarmed husband, that I would not interfere; as I trusted, when wholly separated from the contamination and evil influence that had hitherto surrounded her, that no second lapse from virtue would ever take place.

In the meantime, the papers informed us, that the good ship Malcolm, with a regular surgeon on board, had proceeded down the river to Gravesend. A letter came from the broker of the vessel to say, that passengers must join the ship within the week at Portsmouth, or, if at Gravesend, immediately. The landlord of the house at Kensington had to be settled with—various tradespeople paid—bills pouring in, and small packages from all quarters—letters to be conveyed to India under the care of the Major—officers calling to take their leave—and here was the principal absent from home at such a stirring time, and on what a research!

Description fails to give the faintest idea of what pangs were rending the bosom of my poor god-child all this time. She seemed as if paralysed—she could neither think or act. When I suggested to her that we would write such a letter to the Major, supposing that he knew the worst, as should seek to pacify his feelings—to plead with him the extreme youth of the repentant delinquent at the hour of her fall, and the arts that had been practised upon her;—when I urged all this to her, as being the last thing we could do; and I even offered to go myself to Portsmouth and see him before he sailed, if he wrote to say he would never behold his wife again; when I over and over again advised such a letter to be written by the hand of Mary, I might as well have tried to commune with a statue. She could not comprehend my meaning; she was incapable of writing a single line, if it would have saved her life. Life! what cared she for life at that time, when it presented nothing but a blighted desert, every leaf and bud of confiding love withered to her for ever!

Even amidst all this agony of her child, the utter selfishness and heartlessness of the abominable mother was made manifest. Every thing of value in the house was carefully packed up, if the worst should come, that they might be removed at a moment's notice. The major's gold repeater, the silver inkstand—even his gold studs and pencil case, were put up ready to be carried off. besides, I have every reason to believe, a considerable sum of money he had by him in his writing desk, which he had left open in his fearful agitation. As I looked at her making her unfeeling preparations, I turned from her as from a fiend.

However slowly Time may pass away when pain and sorrow clog his footstep, still he *does* proceed. Days wore away; we received no tidings: a feather would have caused an alarm to the hapless wife, so wrought to extreme tension were her nerves. All her senses appeared consolidated in the one of *hearing;* they seemed gone to assist its agency, as blind people are aided by their sense of feeling. She could neither eat nor sleep; but sat with her head upon my shoulder, holding one of my hands tightly within her own. I took an oath then, silently but solemnly, that never would I cease to protect that ill-used, suffering creature whilst I had breath, if she were abandoned by her husband.

Talk not to me of that over-strained virtue which would turn away from the despairing child of sorrow, because she has *once* sinned. Talk not to me of the cold usages of custom, and the heartless compact women hold with each other, that when a female has fallen from the sublime heights of angelic purity, as they call reputation, she is to be considered a *castaway* and a *reprobate* through life; that, in the language of Goldsmith,

"No tears can wash her guilt away."

Let them not preach to me of such a *heresy:* the brighter our own chastity may be, the more can we afford to hold out a hand to a repentant Magdalene, to lead her back to the Redeemer's feet.

I must take a turn or two across the room to cool myself, I perceive, for I have worked myself up to a sad state by this outbreak. I have no patience with the canting hypocrisy I am obliged to hear about the "contamination" that a poor drooping, heart-broken creature is supposed to impart to the stiff-necked daughters of chastity. There is no taint so bad as a want of charity; no false step, if it has been repented of, half so disgraceful as unwomanly persecution to that woman who is not in heart nor general conduct vicious——

I have given vent to my indignation, and can resume the thread of my narrative, now drawing towards its close.

I have said that Time advances, however slowly. He may seem to creep. Five days had now passed without any intelligence from the major, when Bridget brought me over a note that had been left for me at my own house by some stranger. I tore it open, and to my astonishment read the following words addressed to myself—the writer of them was the nephew of my husband:—

"Madam,—I am a stranger to you except by character, and I have learned yours, yet I am going to request a favor of you which may incur your displeasure—yet I must even risk that, for I am almost a distracted man; torn to pieces between contending passions—honor, pity, and (alas! I am obliged to own it) still remaining love!

"Circumstances have occurred that prevent me from taking over to India with me that lovely but unfortunate young woman with whom I find you are acquainted;—the woman I have married. I can see her face no more: tears blot my paper; you will perceive their traces as I write this irrevocable decree.

"I cannot leave England and her for ever without some care for her future wants, without some provision for ——. Madam, pardon me, my feelings overpower me. It is possible that my frail, my too yielding Mary, may be pregnant even now, and I, the father of *that* child at least, divided from her both by oceans and imperious honor. Her mother is (God pardon me!) the vilest wretch that breathes on earth!—Mary shall not live under her care nor in her sight. To you I bequeath my wife and (should I not be mistaken) my future offspring. Protect them both. No means shall be wanting to this end. Say that you will accept this trust, and you will give the only consolation that is left on earth to the wretched

FORBES ——.

"P.S. I shall wait at Knightsbridge for a line from you by the bearer;—then be off instantly by post-chaise to Portsmouth, and then to India with the arrow rankling in my heart. A remittance shall follow this. Tell Mary I will bless her before I quit the shores of England——and you too if you will be kind to her."

"It is from him—it is from my injured Forbes!" exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands together, and falling on her knees before me: and there she knelt, pale and unconscious; for as she spoke the last word she fainted, or rather, her limbs grew rigid as if in a state of catalepsy.

"Is all discovered, then?" inquired Mrs Cottrell. I could not answer her, but put the letter I had received into her hands, and turned my attention to her daughter, whose state seemed to me most alarming.

When she had been removed to the sofa, I asked if the messenger still waited; and finding that he was below, I said aloud, merely from the impulse of uncontrollable excitement, "Then I will accompany him: I will see Major —— myself, and endeavor to soften his present purpose Give me my bonnet and shawl, Bridget; *run over for a clean pair of gloves*, and tell the messenger to call a coach this moment"—even at this moment I could not forego my habit of attending scrupulously to my dress.

I left Mrs. Cottrell muttering to herself over the contents of her son-in-law's letter, especially that part of it which called her "the vilest wretch that breathed on earth." "You may save yourself the trouble, madam," she called out to me as I was departing; "I know Major ——'s temper better than you do, and you will never alter his determination."

"Never, never!" came also in a smothered voice from the sofa; "but bless her, heaven, for the attempt. She will at least *see* him, tell him of my wretchedness, and receive for me his promised blessing!" I heard her no more, but saw her, poor thing, clasping her husband's letter to her bosom, which, I suppose, she must have been recovered enough to have read over, from her last words.

I had an interview with Major —— at Knightsbridge, and it was a terrible one! I know not what I said;—how I argued in poor Mary's behalf. We were both nearly torn to pieces by our emotions. He had no conception of our relationship, nor did I think at all of my own pride and present situation then. To gain some point for poor Mary was my only thought; and I so far succeeded, that if she became a mother, and had completely separated herself from her own; if I could then assert with truth and honor that I believed she never more would use deception; that she languished to behold the father of her child, her husband; then I had his permission to accompany her myself to India, when he would receive her with affection, and never more mention her past misconduct.

He wrung my hand as we parted; gave me an order on his agent; sprang into the post-chaise that waited for him, with his handkerchief held to his eyes, and his manly bosom convulsed with agony.

I found the major had appointed a person at Knightsbridge to settle all demands upon him with regard to the house at Kensington, and the tradesmen, &c. I had promised to receive Mary into my own, and to get rid of Mrs. Cottrell immediately; and this I was not reluctant to do.

It seemed to me on my return, that I had achieved very great things in gaining this concession from the major. I drove back to Kensington with a lightened heart; but what was my emotion on perceiving a crowd collected before my own door and that of No. 49; all were gazing in at the windows of the latter. A sickness of heart seized me; I knew that something dreadful had happened, and to my poor godchild. It was even so. After my departure she was seized with the sudden frenzy that she would go too, and intercede for pardon at the feet of her husband. Her mother had intercepted her flight; had followed her up stairs to her bedroom, when she flew thither in a state of utter distraction; and, without attempting to soothe her agonies, had vehemently represented to her that there could be no possible chance for her to find out the major, since the coach which bore me to him, and the messenger who was to guide me to him, were out of sight.

"I will believe nothing more you tell me," shrieked out the unfortunate Mary, losing all her natural gentleness in her high excitement. "Mother, you told me he would never return from India to redeem his promise! You persuaded me that my Forbes was insincere—mother, you have undone me! You have made me purchase an independence for yourself at the price of my own honor; and now, when I would fly to humble myself before the generous being you have caused me to injure so cruelly, you would prevent me. But no, I will defy you. I am a wife as well as a daughter, and I will go to him. He is at Knightsbridge; I heard that; and I can find him out there!"

But Mrs Cottrell still opposed her rushing down the stairs in pursuit of her husband, when, maddened by her feelings, the hapless Mary flung open the sash of one of the windows, and before she could be caught hold of, had jumped out into the little garden below, striking herself in her fall against the balcony of the drawing room. It broke her fall, or she must have been killed on the spot.

In what a state did I find my poor godchild! Bruised, insensible, bleeding from many wounds, and with a leg and arm fractured. She pitched, it seems, out upon a large laurustine bush in the garden, or death must have immediately supervened. She was lying on the sofa in the drawing room, and two surgeons, living in the immediate neighborhood, were busily engaged in affording her what relief was in their power.

By that evening's post I addressed a hasty letter to the husband at Portsmouth, informing him of the fearful accident, and the manner in which Mary had met with it, not omitting her last words before she took this fatal leap, which one of the servants had repeated to me: they were as follows:—

"O that I could have had the resolution to do *before* what I am now doing! O that I had thrown myself headlong from a window to *avoid* one instead of seeking *another.*"

I rightly calculated; for as soon as four horses could bring him, arrived the almost distracted husband, who, after he had seen his poor Mary, and inquired into the probable chances of her recovery, demanded eagerly of the medical attendants if they thought she could with safety be moved from her present abode to mine over the way, as he wished, he said, to leave her entirely under my care.

This was accomplished according to his wish: he then wrote a laconic note to Mrs. Cottrell, saying he did not wish *his wife* to be any longer under her influence, and that his house in Kensington would be immediately shut up.

Thus literally turned out, the intriguing mother set off in great dudgeon for Devonshire, to report her wrongs no doubt to the infamous Mr. Carpenter, her coadjutor. I have never seen her since.

The entire pardon and never-ceasing affection of her husband produced the most calming effects upon the mind and injuries of my poor godchild. The major being a military man, could only obtain two months extended leave of absence; and when he did set off to India, his lady was nearly convalescent, but not well enough to accompany him.

During the twelvemonth Mary resided under my roof, I had full opportunities of witnessing her real disposition when away from the pernicious influence of Mrs. Cottrell: a more amiable, gentle, loving being never existed; and, if I may venture to say, without offending the scrupulous fastidiousness of the *virtuous overmuch*, she by her latter conduct redeemed the errors of her extreme youth.

Major ——, on account of this early indiscretion of his wife, which, although not publicly known, yet, from the anonymous letter, seemed to have transpired to some brother officer, sold out of the army, and retired to Geneva, where he established himself in one of those enchanting cottages near the beautiful lake of that name, not far from Vevay, where he is as happy with his Mary as any being in this sublunary state can be.

There are thousands of men who would have thrown this flower for ever from their bosoms, on account of the stain it had received whilst it was in the bud. Every person must act by their own ideas of honor: but I never can believe that my husband's nephew, the gallant and noble Forbes, has tarnished his by his forgiveness of his beautiful and truly penitent Mary.—Did he not take her at the altar "*for better and for worse?*"

London (Old) Monthly Magazine.

James the First.—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king, to the person who presented it, "if I do my son must reign by candle-light."

BOSTON'S CHALLENGE TO WAGNER,

OR TO THE UNITED STATES,

FROM $15,000 TO $30,000 A SIDE!

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times: Sir,—In the last number of your paper I have noticed a communication signed "C." (purporting to be an extract from a Louisville, Ky., paper), in which the anonymous writer offers to run "Wagner against Grey Eagle, or any other horse in the United States, 4 mile heats, for $10,000, or any amount above that sum." I have since understood that Mr. Campbell, the owner of Wagner, has avowed himself the author of that communication. The proposition has, therefore, *now* assumed a tangible shape.

In reply, *I*, the owner of BOSTON, will run *him* against WAGNER, or any other horse in the United States, Four mile heats, Spring of 1840, for not less than $15,000, nor more than $30,000—one third of the same forfeit—over any equal middle course to be agreed on by the parties. This proposition remains open until the first day of January next, reserving to all parties the privileges that may arise from accidents before acceptance. By that time, if not accepted, Boston will be advertised to stand at the stable of Col. Johnson, in Chesterfield Co., Virginia.

Any acceptance to be made by letter, directed through the "Spirit of the Times," or to me, at Washington City. JAMES LONG.

From the above, it will be seen that the comparative powers of these splendid racers are likely to be tested. The only difficulty will arise in selecting a course; but on this point the challenge is so liberal, that we think it should be accepted, if a match be really desired.

It is now understood that Wagner has not yet moved East, but is resting at Newport, Ky., just opposite Cincinnati. Mr. WILSON has requested us to state that he is not engaged to come into his stable; the report probably arose from other horses of Mr. Campbell's being in that stable. We await anxiously the reply of Mr. Campbell to Mr. Long, which will not be long delayed, as he is now, we learn, at Baltimore.

The portrait of each of the distinguished horses will grace the next volume of the "Spirit of the Times."

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

MONARCH *has broken down*—Monarch, the best son of Priam, the pride and champion of South Carolina—the only horse with pretensions to meet in a four mile race *Boston* and *Wagner!* In galloping upon his owner's private course, he struck some hard substance and let down in his near fore leg. The pecuniary loss to the owner of such a horse—he had been offered $20,000 in cash, repeatedly, for him—is of course severe; but the loss of a favorite racer, the pride of his owner, and the boast of the stable, is painful in the extreme, without regard to money. GIL. was already engaged to go out to Carolina to ride him in the campaign just commencing. Gil. speaks to us in the warmest terms as to his speed; he rode him at Charleston when in galloping for the "Tattersal Whip," he ran out the last mile of the four, under a pull, in 1:48, over a heavy track. He speaks with confidence of his great strength, his power of endurance, *his ability to go four miles and repeat.*

Monarch has never been beaten a heat, but he has unfortunately never met a "great thing"—he never met Boston or Wagner; such competitors as he did find, he could run over in a twinkling. Sincerely do we deplore the misfortune of Col. HAMPTON in losing such a horse. In the stud, however, he will not be a less valuable, if a less pleasing, favorite, than upon the turf. He comes of a running family. His sire is the magnificent Priam; his dam is Delphine, the dam of *The Queen*, who put up Boston to 7:52 in a second heat, over the heavy Newmarket track. Delphine is by Whisker, out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam. My Lady is the dam of *Passenger*, who won the Three mile Purse at the Beacon on Wednesday, and the third heat of a two mile race last week, in 3:44, at Trenton.

We cannot here go further into detail. In a few weeks, we shall publish a portrait of Monarch, with a memoir of himself, and the character of the stock whence he is descended; but we cannot close this article, without a renewed expression of our sympathy with Col. Hampton, at the loss of his favorite.

Col. JOHNSON claims the name of *Fanny* for his ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West, by Marion. By some strange accident, the name of *Mary West* was claimed last week for her. Fanny is the choice of the Colonel.

The letter which we published last week from "Kurnel Pete Whetstone" is universally pronounced the best thing which he has yet produced. *Pete* has now been writing "Jim Cole" long enough; will he not drop us a line occasionally?

A man who has a thorough knowledge of cattle and of gardening, desires a situation to superintend some gentleman's country place. He is well recommended to us, he writes well, and has a thorough knowledge of accounts, and could be extremely useful to any gentleman.

The match which we announced last week between *Wonder* and *Clarion*, should have been stated to be Two mile heats.

On the eighth page of this paper will be found a report of the Toronto races, and also of the "Gathering" for Athletic Games. We are indebted to the "Toronto Patriot" for both articles. They evince the best feeling for the turf and for manly sports in the Canadas. The credit of getting up these races and games at Toronto is given mainly to JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., of that city; the officers of the British Regiments stationed in the vicinity, are likewise named for the enthusiasm with which they have promoted the sport—in particular, Capt. ARTHUR, the son of Sir George Arthur. It is most satisfactory for us to write thus favorably of the advancement of sport in the Canadas.

A. G. WATTS, Esq., of Bardstown, Ky., claims the name of *Mary Wickliffe* for his b. f. by Medoc, out of Highland Mary, by Pacific, now 2 yrs. old.

Dr. LUKE BLACKBURN, of Ky., claims the name of *Bill Screamer*, for his ch. colt by Eclipse, out of Anna Munroe.

L. L. LEAVELL, Esq., of Oak Grove, Ky., has sold his ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Tiger, 3 yrs. old, for $3000., to EDWARD & J. G. SHEEGOG, Esqrs., of Columbia. Tenn.

Dr. A. V. CONOVER, of Freehold, N. J., claims the name of *Cataract* for a b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards. Also the name of *Æolus* for his ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Henry.

We have received a report of the Greenfield, S. C., Jockey Club races, but cannot find room for them this week The Argyles figured largely, winning three races out of six.

The Columbus, Ga., races, and the Rochester, N. Y., have likewise come to hand, but our columns are already crowded. All will appear next week.

W. W. GIFT, of Raleigh, has bought from WM. H. SANDERS, of Sumner Co., his yearling colt by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet, for $500.

Capt. NICHOLAS DAVIS has sold to Col. ROBT. SMITH, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., his ch. f. *Honey Dew*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura, by Timoleon, 4 yrs old, for $1000, who wishes to change her name to *Patsey Davis*.

Mr. KENDALL has advertised several promising sweepstakes for future meetings. They are well worthy the consideration of breeders, and we therefore call attention to them, as announced in another column.

We learn from Richmond that Mr. HARE'S *Andrewetta* did run for, and *win*, the Four mile Purse; but not a word more do we know of the Fairfield races. Where is the Secretary of the Club, or Clerk of the Course? There are now three race meetings, not reported in our columns, and all yet close at hand;—the Washington, the Broad Rock, and the Fairfield; do the owners of the horses which ran these, care to see their performances in the Racing Calendar? If so, they know the remedy.

BEACON COURSE (N. J.) FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subscribers at $100 each, $25 ft. Mile heats.

J. McCoun's ch. c. *Hyde Park*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Saluda by Timoleon	*Craig*	1	1
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Peter Pindar*, by Imp. Daghee, dam by Imp. Barefoot		2	2

Time, 1:54—1:59. Won easily. Track fine.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs	*Abram*	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. f. own sister to Catharine Davis, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs		2	bolt.
Mr. Leary's b. h. *Hampton*, (late Blazing Star,) by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs			dist.

Time, 3:51.

The race was between Trenton and the Tonson filly, the former winning the first heat by a length, making fine running for half a mile, Hampton distanced. In the second heat the filly bolted at the start.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Purse $500, $100 of which goes to the second best, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs	*Craig*	1	1
S. Laird's (Mr. Bathgate's) b. c. *Waterloo*, by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill by Duroc, 3 yrs		3	2
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Stanhope*, by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 4 yrs		2	

Time, 6:00—5:52½. Track fine. Won easily.

THIRD DAY.

This was the last day of the Fall campaign at the North—an occurrence in itself to arouse the attention of sportsmen—and the bill of fare for the day promised sport. The weather was fine, cool, and bracing, but the rain which fell the night previous had rendered the course somewhat heavy.

The first race up was a Sweepstakes of twelve subscribers, but in the whole lot not one could be found to meet the entry of Col. JOHNSON—the Eclipse ch. f. out of Maria West. By some inadvertence, the name of *Mary West* had been given to this fine filly in the Philadelphia papers, which published the entries for the Camden races. Her real name is *Fanny*, by which pretty appellation she is destined to high renown in racing annals. It will be recollected that she is half sister to *Wagner*, the victor in so many fields. An impression has gone abroad that the dam of these fine animals, *Maria West*, is not thoroughbred. Upon inquiring in the proper quarter, Col. Johnson informed us that this was altogether a mistake, and on another occasion we will furnish her actual pedigree.

The Four mile purse of to-day brought out *Omega* and *Clarion*, who ran last week at Trenton for the Three mile purse; a colt by Henry, out of Medoc's dam, was likewise entered for his trainer, in the name of Mr. VAN MATER; he was lame, and not named in the betting. Before the start, the mare was the favorite at 100 to 50, and but few backers; 100 to 40 was asked.

Getting off well together, Gil., on the outside upon Omega, went for the track in the first quarter and took it, Clarion laying well up behind. The pace was indifferently good for the first mile, but mended in the second, without any change of position. Upon turning into the back stretch on the third mile, *Harry* called upon Clarion, and he went up to and passed, first the Henry colt, and then the mare, in less time than we have said it, and he ran this mile out with a lead of some lengths, and under a pull, in 1:54, the Henry colt pulling up at the end of it. Upon entering the fourth mile, Clarion's jockey pulled him likewise up, thinking the heat over; Gil. was not so soft, and passed him, amidst the loudest shouts from the stand for Harry to go on. He heard and understood, and his gallant colt obeyed the call; he went up to the mare and cut her down as if standing, and no efforts of Gil., so unwont to ride the losing horse, could get her up to him. He maintained his lead by two or three lengths till inside the distance stand, when the mare was pulled up. Time of the heat. 7:52½—very good considering the state of the track.

It was evident throughout that the mare had quite lost her action, and she came in tired. Clarion was immediately backed at 100 to 50, and these odds increased with every stride in the second heat, after they had gone a mile and a quarter, till $100 to 12 shillings went a-begging.

The mare went off with the lead, but held it only to the back stretch in the second mile, when Clarion placed himself in front by several lengths, and maintained his position throughout the heat with ease. Time, 8.05,—the first three miles, however, of this heat were run in 5:56.

The Mile purse brought out six horses, who made a beautiful race of it. The result may be found in the record below:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday Twelve subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Fanny* (miscalled *Mary West*,) by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion			rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Purse $800, $200 of which goes to the second best, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs			1	1
E. J. Wilson's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs			2	2
J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam, 4 yrs				dist.

Time, 7:52½—8:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

J. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs	*Abram*		5	1 1
J. H. Vansicklen's ch. c by Eclipse, out of Lady Richmond, 4 yrs			1	3 5
J. Sparling's ch. c. *Elystic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs			3	2 2
R. L. Stevens' bl. f. *Midnight*, by Shark, out of Meg Dods by Sir Archy, 3 yrs			4	5 3
E. Leary's b. h *Hampton*, pedigree above, 6 yrs			2	4 4
C. Mitchell's ch. m. *Gypsey* (late Fidget), by Andrew, out of Flirt, 5 yrs			6	6 dr

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:54½.

BEACON COURSE (N. J.) TROTTING.

MONDAY, Oct. 28, 1839—Trotting Sweepstakes, weight 345lbs.; Three subs. at $1000 each, one third forfeit. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in wagons

Spicer & Anderson's b. g. *Awful*	*Geo. Spicer*	1	1	1
Jas. Hamill's b. g. *Dutchman*	*Jas. Hamill*	2	2	2
H. Woodruff's br. g. *Henry Clay* (alias The Ice Poney)		pd ft.		

Time, 2:41½—2:40—2:44½.

This trot was graced with something uncommon at these times, a very full attendance of turfmen and trotting men, many of whom came from a distance to see the trot. Great dissatisfaction was expressed at the withdrawal of *Henry Clay*, he being the fielders' main stay. Before the start four and five to one on Dutchman went a begging. Afternearly half an hour had worn away in false starts, they finally got off, *Dutchman* leading from the score to the turn of the home stretch, when Awful lapped him, and it was neck and neck, until near the drawgate; here Dutchman broke twice, and *Awful* passed him, winning by a length.

In the second heat Dutchman again led off, closely followed by Awful, who in the first half mile lapped him; Awful here broke, and Dutchman led home, winning by a neck and shoulders. The driver of Awful then came forward and substantiated a charge of foul driving on the driver of Dutchman, whereupon the Judges gave the heat to Awful.

They got off for the third heat with a very bad start; Dutchman led round to the last quarter on the home stretch, when Awful went up to him. Near the drawgate Dutchman made a very bad break, and Awful passed him, and won easily.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

This Meeting commenced on Monday, the 6th Oct., and terminated on Saturday. The sport throughout the week was interesting and the weather delightful: the only draw-back was the bad state of the track, which was hard, and deep with sand. The attendance of each day was numerous and respectable, and when the Proprietors carry out their intended improvements, the Nashville Course will rank amongst the first in the South-west.

A meeting of the Club was convened on Monday morning and the following gentlemen appointed officers for the ensuing year:—

President, L. P. Cheatham, Esq.; Secretary, H. Kirkman, Esq.; Judges, Gen. Harding, W. H. Boddie, and H. Petway, Esqrs.; Distance Judges, John McNairy, and Thos. Alderson, Esqrs.; Timers, Lucius J. Polk, and Thos. E. Leefe, Esqrs.

The annexed report is from one of our special correspondents:—

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at $100 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

Chas. Bosley's (Gen. Wm. G. Harding's) gr. c. *Gamma*, by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard	1	1	
Wilson & Nichol's gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific	2	2	
Thos. Gale's b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson	3	3	

Time, 4:04—4:11.

Gamma was the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field—the bay colt took the lead followed by the O'Kelly filly, Gamma third—this position was kept for the first mile and a half, Gamma now came into play, brush'd past both of them and led away at a quick rate; when near the distance stand the boy who rode him took a strong pull and held him up, which was observed by the rider of Cock of the Rock, who seized the chance, and, using the whip and spur, soon brought him into the company of Gamma—the contest, for a space, was interesting, but victory declared in favor of Gamma, who won the heat by a length—for the second heat Gamma had it entirely his own way, and won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eighteen subs. $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

W. W. Gift's (J. Scott's) ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Giantess	3	1	1
Livingston Leavell's ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger	4	2	2
Ragland & Davis' b. c. *Preston*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke	1	3	3
James Jackson's Imp. ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius	2	dist.	
Bailie Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar	5	dist.	
J. Anderson's b. c. *Ellenborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman		dist.	

Time, 3:55½—3:57—4:06.

The betting on this stake was brisk in the extreme. Preston was the decided favorite, and was back'd with great spirit against the field. With an excellent start they got well away—Mango having the lead, with Preston at her side, followed by the Governor and James Jackson, the running in the first mile and a half was severe, and contested with great spirit by Preston and the Imp. filly, the latter fell back after a brush with Preston, who took the lead and maintained it, winning by a few lengths. Ellenborough distanced—neither James Jackson nor the Governor contested for this heat.

2d heat—After several false starts, the lot got away in pretty good order, Preston this time having a good start, and led away with Jackson and the Governor in company—the Luzborough colt and Mango in the rear—this was pretty nearly the order until the entrance of the home stretch in the first round, when Poindexter and Jackson closed up with Preston, and they came to the stand neck and neck, running this mile in 1:53. After leaving the post at the first quarter Preston relinquished the contest and held up. Away went the Governor and Jackson along the back stretch, lock'd all the way—a blanket would have covered them both. In making the third turn Poindexter got the lead, but was speedily collared by Jackson, and they came along at a killing lick, the Governor only winning the heat by a throat latch—Mango and the Luzborough colt distanced.

3d heat—With a good start they left the Stand all in a crowd—Jackson shortly took the lead—after passing the first turn the saddle slipp'd, yet he still continued his gallant career, followed by Preston, who shortly fell back. In the second round Poindexter challenged and passed, and came in first, winning the heat easily.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Geo. W. Cheatham's (C. Lewis') ch. f. *Emily Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	1	1	
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. *Honey Dew*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2	
H. Petway's (James Hagan's) ch. h. *Billy Boy*, by Crusher, dam by Cultivator, 6 y.		dist.	

Time, 3:58—3:56.

Honey Dew was the favorite. Both heats were severely contested. Emily had entirely too much speed for her competitors, and won both heats handily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 6 y.	2	1	1
Thos. Watson's (L. L. Leavell's) ch. c. *James Jackson*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	2	2
G. W. Cheatham's (Wm. R. Peyton's) ch. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand, out of Duchess of Marlboro', 6 yrs	3	3	3
L. J. Polk's br. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Black-and-all-Black, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 6:12—6:08—6:18.

The betting on the above race was in favor of Mary Wynn, who was backed with great spirit, even against the field. About 12 o'clock the bugle sounded the note of preparation, and shortly they all appeared in the field, moving with that slow pace for which the racer is remarkable; after parading in front of the Stand the bugle again sounded, which was the order to saddle. After the usual charges to the riders, they were brought up for a start, and at the tap of the drum away they went all in a crowd. Jackson shortly took the lead followed by Mary—the pace for the first mile was extremely slow—in the second round Mary went up to the Leviathan and passed, but soon retired, Jackson taking the lead—Tom running behind under a strong pull, Stockton no where—this position was kept until near the termination of the home stretch, when Mary went up to the Leviathan and speedily locked him—the pace now improved, and the struggle down the home stretch was severe—Jackson evidently gaining every jump. Starke, on Mary, finding that he had no chance for the heat, after getting within the distance, held up. Stockton distanced.

2d heat—Jackson was now taken into the betting, and was taken even against Mary; many of the fielders had great confidence in Red Tom, he having not run a jump in the previous heat. After the usual time had elapsed they again came up to the Stand for a start—they had all evidently cooled off well—they went off in good style, Red Tom having the lead, which he soon relinquished to Jackson—Mary laying back in the second mile; she came into play, went past the Bertrand, and got into close contact with Jackson, who was apparently not anxious to have her company. Thus they continued until near the last turn in the last mile, when Mary challenged Jackson, and after running together some distance, neck and neck, she got the lead and won by two lengths.

3d heat—Mary Wynn was now more than ever the favorite, and money was laid out on her freely. Immediately on the termination of the second heat Jackson was sold for 3000 dollars. They got away in excellent order—Mary having the lead—Jackson second—Red Tom third—the two latter made several ineffectual brushes at the old mare, but without success,—she winning the heat in gallant style amidst the shouts of her friends.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Capt. Nicol. Davis' b. c. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley Davis' Napoleon mare 3 yrs	1	1	
J. G. Sheegog's (S. J. Carter's) b. f. *Clyde*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Nailor by Coun's Knowsley, 3 yrs	2	2	

Time, 4:04—4:06.

"The Corinthian" arrived at Nashville, from Louisville, just in time to see this fine race, which was cleverly won by Free Jack, a gallant son of Luzborough, that promises to make free with a great number of the brilliant purses offered at the South West. He was the favorite at 5 to 1, and led from end to end the first heat, pulling to the mare from the start to the finish. He won this heat by three parts of a length, and the second by two lengths.

SAMEDAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side, One mile.

Col. Robt. Smith's b. g. *Kinlock*, aged	1
Geo. W. Cheatham's ch. c. *Jebenoiska*, 4 yrs	2

Time, 1:52½.

Kinlock was the favorite at odds, cut out the work, and won handily. The time was capital for the track, which was excessively deep.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

G. W. Cheatham's (Alex. Eurie's) b. h. *Osceola* (late Sheridan), by Pacific, dam by O. H. Perry, 5 yrs	*Wm. McClinchey*	1	2	1
J. Jackson's (Col. Geo. Elliott's) gr. c. *Boyd McNairy*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 3 yrs		2	1	2
L. P. Cheatham's (Col. Wm. Wynn's) br. h. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		3	dist.	

Time, 8:07—8:04—8:35.

All parties agree in pronouncing this one of the finest races ever run over the Nashville course. Picton was booked to win it to a certainty, and was the favorite at odds against the field, notwithstanding that his forelegs were sprung; but we fear that like Portsmouth, his career on the Turf is at an end. Osceola had many friends, from the fact of his having recently won the Four mile Purse at Gallatin, but the main dependence of the fielders was Boyd McNairy, the own brother to Sarah Bladen. He was believed to be both stout and fast, though he never ran, even a trial, of over two miles. He is a fine looking iron grey colt, of rather above the medium height, with long arms and powerful hocks and quarters. Osceola (better known as Sheridan) is a horse of high form and finish, nearly 15 hands 3 inches high—a beautiful bay with black legs, and no other white than a small star. He is the handsomest son of Pacific we have ever seen, and his performances are calculated to add new laurels to the many won by his sire.

The Race.—Osceola led off with the stroke of a quarter horse and was not reached until the fourth mile, on the second quarter of which, Picton went up and challenged for the lead; Osceola, however, outfooted him handily, and won at his ease, Picton pulling up inside of the distance stand. Boyd McNairy was not suffered to make a stroke for the heat, under the impression that one, or perhaps both of his competitors, would break down. Stork, who rode Picton, nearly fainted on dismounting, and Root got up in his place; Stork was unable to give him any support, but Gil. Patrick himself could not have won the heat on his back. The odds were now 2 to 1 on Osceola, and so evident was it that Picton was not himself, that even bets were offered he would be distanced.

Osceola, in the second heat, again jumped off with the lead, Picton being second, and McNairy a bad third; these relative positions were maintained for a mile and a half, without a show of faltering or giving back on any side; soon after, however, McNairy went up to Picton, and they ran lapped for fifty yards, when the former passed and collared Osceola. The two brushed down the quarter stretch to the stand at a killing pace, and at this point McNairy had a little the advantage, but Osceola having the inside track threw him off at the turn and soon after drew out clear; the brush placed Picton out of his distance, and as he was stopped in the fourth mile, we will only remark further of him here, that he did not break down; having lost his action it was useless to make a demand upon his game and courage, and in fact, he should have been withdrawn after the first heat. McNairy from swerving at the turns lost the advantage he gained in straight work, and though he lapped Osceola at the end of the third mile, the latter was nearly clear of him on entering the back stretch Soon after, McNairy challenged for the lead, and after a spirited burst took the track and maintained it to the end, winning the heat in 8:04, both horses pulling up inside of the distance. The result of the heat caused something very like "a determination of blood to the head" among the betting men; the fielders had already won their money, and thinking to *paralé* laid it out at 3 to 1 on McNairy with those of Picton's backers who were not "broke."

For the third heat, McNairy led off at a racing pace, but directly gave up the track to Osceola and trailed him, laying well up with the intention of putting the issue upon a brush. Down the quarter stretch Osceola pulled to him, and they came out lapped; McNairy took the track at the turn, and Osceola commenced driving him; the latter drew out and lapped him for a few yards at the end of the first half mile, which had the effect of making him carry on the running at a better pace. McNairy was two lengths ahead at the end of the second mile, but immediately he cleared the turn, McClinchey called on Osceola, who locked him, and a desperate struggle ensued; for sixty yards they ran neck and neck, neither seeming to gain an inch on the other; each "did all he knew," and for a few moments the interest excited was intense. But the game and stamina of the horse at length told, and he came in front and took the track. McNairy subsequently made a gallant effort to reach him without effect, and throughout the last mile the gap widened, Osceola finally winning at his ease.

The winner was exceedingly well jockied by McClinchey, who rode the winner of every race but three during the week; he is in the stable of Lucius J. Polk, Esq., who, by-the-bye, with Balie Peyton, Esq., bought Osceola after the first heat for $6000. The latter has since disposed of his interest in him at an advance, and the horse goes into the former's stable.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $300, (being the entrance money of the week,) conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jesse Cage's ch. f. *Maria Williams*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. h. *Sir Joseph Banks*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	4	2	2
A. J. Donelson's ch. c. by Mambrino, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	3	3	3
Geo. W. Cheatham's br. f. by Henry, out of Lady Burton, 4 yrs	5	4	4
Wm. Wirt Gift's bl. c. by Arab, dam by Havoc, 3 yrs	6	5	dist.
L. P. Cheatham's (James Long's) ch. h. *John Wickham*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Tuckahoe, – yrs	2		dist.

Time, 1:55—1:53—1:53.

The winner was the favorite against the field—took the lead in each heat, was never headed, and won cleverly. She has fine size and action, and altogether is very bloodlike. John Wickham was said to be out of Boston's dam, though entered as above; he resembles Boston in many respects, but the latter's dam was by Ball's Florizel. Wickham was very badly cramped after the first heat, which will account for the poor show he made.

Messrs. J. B. & S. J. Carter, the new proprietors of the course are about putting it in the most complete order, with an inside track for training, new stands, etc. Nashville "is bound to be" the centre of an immense race horse region, and the turfmen of Tennessee and Alabama who make this course their trial ground are entitled to the most liberal and spirited management on the part of the proprietors. The track at present is fetlock deep, so that it is impossible to make good time upon it, and the stands are unworthy such a population as that of Nashville; until better accommodations are prepared for them it is idle to expect the attendance of ladies, and without their approving smiles racing will neither be very profitable to the proprietors of courses, or popular with the public generally. These remarks apply as well to a majority of the courses in the United States as to the one at Nashville. Except in the immediate vicinity of a large city, a race course must prove very unproductive property where the attendance of the fairer portion of creation is not induced by a proper regard to their comfort and enjoyment. The most profitable courses in the Union, are those at Louisville, Charleston, and New Orleans, which we attribute almost entirely to the circumstance that in those cities ladies have been induced to attend the races. Let other clubs and proprietors profit by it.

HOUSTON (Texas) RACES.

The Secretary has furnished us with the annexed report of the races over the Houston Port Oak Jockey Club Course:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Sweepstakes for all ages; Three subs. at $500 each. Mile heats.

Maj. Shelby Smith's b. m. *Charlotte Hill*, by Hephestion, dam by Cook's Whip, – yrs.	1	1
Wm. Wells' gr. g. *Jno Anderson*	3	2
J. A. Bowman's ch. h. *Davy Crockett*, by Sir Charles, dam unknown, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:51—1:52½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Sub. $500 each. Mile heats.

Maj. Shelby Smith's ch. f. *La Belle Combs*, by Andrew, dam by Director	1	1
J. A. Bowman's br. f, *Charlotte Claiborne*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:58.

J. Temple Dorwell, *Sec'y.*

Races at Nashville Omitted.

SATURDAY, Sept. 22, 1839—Match, $250 a side; 110lbs each; Two mile heats.

Carroll & Breathil's br. h. *Major Boots*, by Merlin, dam by Albroarc, 4 yrs	1	1
D. Pitt's b. h. *Old Balls*, by Sir William, dam by Dry Bones, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:08—4:12.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5, 1839—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ro. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
Breathilt & Carroll's b. c. *Stockborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	4	2
Robt. Smith's br. g. *Kenlock*, by Marion, dam by Shawnee, aged	2	3
A. P. Youry's br. h. *Brown-lock*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	5	dist.
Wm. W. Gift's ch. f. *Polly Plumer*, by Rattler, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs		dist.

Time, 1:57—1:58.

We learn from "Bell's Life" that Mr. Etty has sold his brown colt The Quack, 3 yrs. old, to Fulwar Craven, or 250 sovs.

CLINTON (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the *Pactolus Course*, Greene Co., Ala., on Tuesday, the 1st of Oct., and continued five days. The following is the official report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. G. Haun's gr. f. *Sally Hilliard*, by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	2	2
John J. Burton's b. c. *Attila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins by Conqueror		3 dist.

Time, 1:55—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Rich. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. *Likeness*, by Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 yrs	1	1
J. D. McAlister's ch. f. *Mary Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2
Thos. Watson & Jno. Riddicks' ch. f. *Chickaman*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 4 yrs	3	3
Wm. G. Haun's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Duke of Bedford, 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 4:00—3.59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. f. *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan (dam of Pactolus), by Pacolet	0	1	1
Wm. G. Haun's gr. f. *Sally Hilliard*, pedigree above	0	2	dr
Robt. W. Withers' ch. f. *Zitella*, by Pulaski, dam by Virginian	2		dist.

Time, 4:00—4:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. David Conner's br. f. *Kate Haun*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	1	1
Jno. J. Burton & W. E. Long's br. f. *Sally Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs	2	2
Jas. D. McAlister's gr. f. *Harriet Ravel*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs		dist.
Thos. Watson & John Riddicks' ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs		dr.

Time, 6:19½—6:20.

Wm. G. Haun purchased *Kate Haun*, a few hours previous to the race, for $1000. *The Poney* was taken lame, and drawn on account of it.

FRIDAY, Oct 4—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thos. Watson & John Riddick's ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. G. Haun's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	2	dr
Dr. R. W. Withers' br. f. *Feldena*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs		dist.
Jas. D. McAlister's br. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs		dr.

Time, 1st mile, 1:55—2d, 1:56—3d, 1:57—1st 3 miles, 5:18 Time of the heat, 8:05.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse $200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Henry A. Tayloe's br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs	1	1	1
John J. Burton's (Rich. H. Long's) ch. m. *Sally Burton*, alias *Big Nancy*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	2	2	2
David Conner's b. m. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 5 yrs	3	3	3

Time, 1:53—1:58—2:00.

Track very heavy during the whole meeting, and weather very dry.

H. A. Tayloe, *Secretary.*

P. S. The match between Czarina and Cleopatra has been drawn by mutual consent of the parties. We have had no rain for two months, which has operated unfavorably upon our horses.

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

The following report is from our special correspondent:—*Officers of the Club:*—President, Jas. Swainson, Esq.; Vice, M. Puryear, Esq.; Secretary, Thos. K. Handy, Esq.; Treasurer, M. Doyle, Esq.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 68lbs. Six subs. at $50 each, P.P. One mile.

John A. Holland's b. c. by Lafayette, dam by Grey-tail	1
A. Rodgers' ch. c. *O'Kelly*, by O'Kelly, dam by Oscar	2
Philip Shute's b. f. by Lafayette, dam by Pacific	dist.

Time, 1:58.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at $250 each, P.P. Two mile heats.

W. G. Harding's gr. f. *Gamma*, by Pacific, dam (the dam of Melzare) by Sir Richard	1	1
Jas. Anderson's b. c. by Red Rover, dam by Sir Hal	2	dist.

Time, 4:04½—4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. 20, added; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

R. Skinner's b. f. *Polly Pillow*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c by Imp Luzboreugh, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	3	2
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. *Honey Dew*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs	4	3
Breathilt & Carroll's b. h. *Major Boots*, by Merlin, dam by Alborac, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 3:59½—3:58.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse $350, ent. $30, added; conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Ragland & Davis' br. h. *Sir Joseph Banks*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	1
R. Skinner's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eagle, 3 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 5:59½.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietors' Purse $150, ent. $10, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Robt. Smith's (M. P. Gentry's) br. f. *Day Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Sylvanus*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Constitution, 4 y.	2	2	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:57—2:00.

The following are the entries for the Proprietors' Purse of $100, ent. $10, added, Mile heats; the result of which will be forwarded by the Secretary, as I leave for Greensboro', Ala., immediately:—

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.
Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Patsey Davis*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs.
Breathilt & Carrol's b. h. *Major Boots*, pedigree above, 5 yrs.
J. L. Grainger's b. f. *Lady Franklin*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sting by Conqueror, 3 y.
Thos. M. Warren's b. f. by Malcolm, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs.

SPRINGFIELD (Ala.) FALL RACES.

Springfield, Oct. 15, 1839.

Mr. Porter,—Our races over the Springfield Jockey Club Course commenced on Tuesday, the 8th of Oct., and continued four days, as follows:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $——, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. Rich. H. Long's b. c. *S. S. Prentiss*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.	1	1
W. G. Haun's (J. H. Walker's) b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Jockey Club Purse $——, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. R. H. Long's Imp. ch. m. *Likeness*, by Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 yrs	walked over.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Jockey Club Purse $——, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	1
Haun & Clark's b. f. *Kate Haun*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 6:07—6:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $——, (being the entrance money of the week,) conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. R. H. Long's b. f. *Salley Brown*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	1	1
W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, – yrs	2	2	dr

Time, 1:55—1:56½.

And so ended our Fall races at Springfield, beginning, continuing, and ending in harmony and good feeling, among all; but our course was not so numerously attended as usual, by vast odds, owing to several very decisive reasons; first, no one had sold any cotton of the present crop, and money was scarce, our citizens were very busily engaged in saving their cotton crops, and the weather was, and has been, so long dry, that the dust was suffocating and very offensive. But all the essentials for racing were present (except money) in unusual abundance, and so many sportsmen of the right sort, and so many blanketted horses, have never before congregated in our section.

D. McGehee, Sec. & Treasurer.

Blood Stock of Thos. Flintoff.

Agar Ellis, br. m., bred by Beverley Reese, Esq., of Franklin, foaled in 1836, got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian (by Sir Archie) grandam Votress, by Constitution [by old Diomed], g. g. dam Meritrix, by Magog [by Chanticleer], g. g. g. dam Narcissa, by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. g. dam Rosetta, by Wilkins' Centinal, g. g. g. g. g. dam Diana, by Clodius, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam Sally Partner, by Imp. Starling, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam the Imp. mare Silver. Now stinted to Imp. Mordecai.

B. c. Burgundy, foaled in 1838, bred by Thos. A. Pankey, got by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, grandam by Conqueror [the dam of H. L. White], g. g. dam by Volunteer [the dam of Telegraph], g. g. g. g. dam Madame Tonson, the dam of Henry, Richard, and Mons. Tonson, and Champion.

Blood Stock of Henry Baldwin, Esr., of Franklin, Tenn.

B. h. Mordecai (imported), bred by Mr. Kirby, of York, foaled in 1833, got by Lottery, out of Miss Thomasina (Red Rover's dam) by Welbeck, grandam Thomasina (Little Thomas—Louisa, by Orville—Althea—Partington, Barlboro and Upstart's dam) by Timothy, g. g. dam Violet (Goldenlocks—Groaner—Symmetry—Lennox—Theophiana and Thwart's dam), by Imp. Shark—Syphon—Mr. Quick's Charlotte, by Blank—Arab—Dyer's Dimple—Bethell's Castaway—Why-not—Royal mare.

Lottery, by Tramp, out of Mandane, by Pot-8-os, her dam Young Camilla, sister to Calibre, by Woodpecker, &c. &c.

Welbeck (brother to Tiresias), by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy—Prunella, by Highflyer, &c. &c.

Timothy, by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem, &c. &c.

It is needless to say more on his blood; he was withdrawn from the Turf in his four year old form, after having been a successful winner. Since his arrival in America he has taken two cups, one at Franklin, Tenn., the other at Hopkinsville, Ky.

COMPARATIVE SPEED.

This subject has been ably treated in the last number of the "Turf Register.', But if close attention is paid to the time of running in this country for the last 20 years, it will appear that there is very little difference between the speed of the best horses. Gallatin's two mile heat, however, had been without parallel near 40 years, until the recent race of Sorrow and Czarina, in 3:43. But there have been some races the present year at Fairfield, Gallatin's arena, in 3:45 or 3:46. Comparisons can only be made with tolerable accuracy upon the same course. At Newmarket, near Petersburg, Va., Sir Charles, Henry, Collier, Trumpator (a third heat in 7:57!), and Boston, have made nearly the same time, four mile heats. Boston's late race, in a 2d heat, was in the best time' 4 mile heat was ever run upon that course—7:52. Henry and John Richards had won their famed 2d heats in 7:58; and the former, a fortnight before his match with Eclipse, carrying 100 lbs., won the 1st heat in 7:54, then the best time ever run on that course. But for the additional 8 lbs., he must have beat Eclipse. I also believe Sir Charles was a better race horse. From the manner that Boston ended his four miles on the Union, in 7:40, it was very obvious that he might have run that heat under 7:37, the best heat on that course. Lady Clifden has run there the best 2d heat in 7:43½, after laying back in a heat run in 7:44. Wagner has lately won a 2d heat of 4 miles in 7:44, after winning the 1st heat in 7:48. Is not his the best performance? Zelina beat Wagner in 4 mile heats; Mingo and Lady Clifden shared their honors; "caeteris paribus," they were about equal. By calculation of weight, it seems to me the gelding Leviathan has been shewn to be as good a four miler as Henry or Eclipse; and I see no cause for doubting that Selim, Maid of the Oaks, and others of that day, were equally as good runners as Bascombe and Boston of modern times. This generation may not be so superior to the last as some have imagined. Nous verrons.

Senex.

RACE HORSES IN ALABAMA.

Springfield, Ala., Oct. 13th.

Dear Sir,—Last week at our races over the Pactolus Course, there were fifty-five race horses, among which were *Bee's-wing*, *The Poney*, *Mary Jones*, &c., &c., &c. At Springfield, we had Mr. Fields with *Pollard Brown*, and a string of young ones. Haun & Walker, with Mary Jones, and a string of

Please let me know if you will receive Alabama State money for our subscriptions to the "Spirit" and the "Register," and at what discount if any. We want to plank up, but have no other money among us, that is worth shucks. colts and fillies. Col. R. H. Long, with a long string of good ones At the head of this string, stands *Sorrow*, in fine health and condition, but he did not show on the track—looking ahead for bigger things. Next, *Allen Brown*, a ch. c. by Stockholder, 3 years old, in like good order—did not show for want of a competitor. *S. S. Prentiss*, who showed himself on the Mile day. *Maltravers*, b. h., 5 years old, by Bertrand—now ready for the Four mile day at Livingston. *Likeness*, imp. ch. m., 5 years old, by Peter Lely, dam by Worthless—walked over and took the J. C. Purse, the Two mile day. *Sally Burton*, who won the best 3 in 5. *Maria Reed*, ch. f., 4 years old, by Old Bertrand— on her way to the big $2000 Stake at Greensborough. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand dam by Pacolet, 4 years old—looking ahead for a big Purse.

Yours, respectfully, D.

Note by the Editor.—Our Alabama friends will do the best by us they can, we have no doubt. Northern funds will be most acceptable, of course; after those, the bills of "the monster;" but do not delay remitting, to procure better money, but send the best you have.

CRICKETERS' REGISTER.

ANNIVERSARY MATCH OF THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.

On Tuesday last, the 22d instant, the Anniversary Match of the New York Cricket Club was played upon their ground near 42d street, a little to the right of the Bloomingdale road. The day fortunately was well adapted for the sport, being somewhat cloudy but fair, the sun however being tolerably powerful in the afternoon. The two elevens were, with one or two exceptions, well known to each other, and therefore, the players and the ground being understood, every man was on his mettle, and the game was severely contested. We are not about to establish any invidious comparisons of relative excellence in the game upon this occasion, but we may briefly remark that the bowling of Messrs. Groom, Wild, and Gill on the one side, and of Mr. Russell on the other, was admirable. Mr. Stead in the course of his capital fielding made three extraordinary catches, which were loudly applauded both by his partners and his antagonists; and, as for the batting, it will be best seen by reference to the score, in which such numbers as 31, 30, 24 and 16 are to be found. The party with the single innings were decidedly the best batters, and those with the double innings were as decidedly the best fielders In truth it needed good batting to sustain the wickets against the balls delivered by Groom and Wild, the former of whom, with his sweeping *left* hand, planted his balls unerringly under the foot of his adversary's bat, and the latter of whom sent his balls as if they had come from the mouth of a piece of ordnance. It is easy to suppose the care with which this match was played, by observing that the whole day's run only amounted to 216 notches.

It was past seven o'clock, and rapidly growing dark, at the expiration of the second innings of the first party, and therefore according to rule, as both innings could not be played, it was decided on the first; viz. 80 against 58.

The players were generally from Sheffield or from Nottingham, but there were two or three from the southern counties of England. Nothing could surpass the good feeling which prevailed throughout, there was not one wrangle or angry expression in the field; consequently,

The whole party sat down to an excellent but late dinner at the Ram's Head Tavern in Fulton street, in high spirits, and well disposed to fight their bloodless battles over again, and promise brighter deeds in future fields.

The following is the state of the score:

First Innings.			*Second Innings.*	
Mr. Berry, bowled by Groom	2		bowled by Wild	5
Mr Fisher, run out	2		bowled by Gill	0
Mr. Parker, bowled by Gill	0		bowled by Cordrap	0
Mr. Stead, bowled by Gill	3		bowled by Cordray	31
Mr. Russell, not out	30		not out	13
Mr. Baxter, run out	4		bowled by Wild	0
Mr. Kent, bowled by Wild	1		bowled by Gill	4
Mr. Downes, run out	0		bowled by Groom	2
Mr. Doncaster, run out	1		run out	2
Mr. Holmes, bowled by Groom	1		bowled by Wild	3
Mr. Barker, bowled by Wild	5		bowled by Gill	6
Byes	9		Byes 11, No Ball 1	12
Total	—58		Total	—78

First Innings.	
Mr. Groom, bowled by Russell	2
Mr. Wild, struck on stumps	6
Mr. Gill, bowled by Fisher	24
Mr. Wright, caught by Stead	12
Mr. Cordray, bowled by Russell	16
Mr. Beekman, caught by Stead	1
Mr. Denton, bowled by Stead	4
Mr. Ellin, stumped by Tinson	11
Mr. J. Wild, bowled by Stead	0
Mr. Rowland, not out	
Mr. Sheffield, bowled by Russell	2
Byes 1, Wide Ball 1	2
Total	—80

The second innings of the latter party were not played, in consequence of night coming on. [Emigrant of 30th Oct.

SINGLE WICKET. CHALLENGE.

We are authorised to state that *Messrs. Adams, D. Russell, Cordry,* and *Groom* are open to play any persons who may choose to compete with them at single wicket, between now and the 25th day of November next, for any sum that shall be named, and the match to be *home and home.* Communications on the subject to be addressed to the Editor of Emigrant and Old Countryman, Publication Office, Barclay street, and they will meet prompt attention.

(Emigrant, Oct. 30.

[The Bookly match in type for to-day, has been crowded out.]

CITY OF TORONTO AND YORK COUNTY RACE MEETING,

Which came off on Wednesday, the 16th, and Friday, the 18th instant, was quite unexpectedly and hurriedly got up, it not being intended to have a second meeting this season; however, from the match between Mr. Yarker's filly, and Mr. Barnard's mare, being appointed to be run on the 16th, over this Course, it was proposed to make some additional sport, which for excellence has not been excelled at any preceding meeting. On the declaration of the entries on Monday evening, as much was anticipated by men of business, from the placing of the horses in the plate races—"the dusky night rode down the sky and ushered in" both Wednesday and Friday with splendid weather, and although the muster at the Course (as might have been expected) was not so numerous as at our Spring Races, it was (a la Newmarket) highly respectable and select, and comprised of those who know the meaning, and can appreciate the national importance of the Turf, and a good race on all occasions In the Stand and on the Course we observed Colonel Wingfield, 32d, Colonel Spark, 93d, Col. Chichester, Colonel Jackson, R.A., Colonel Arthur, 93d, Colonel Macbean, Major Magrath, Captain Markham, Captain Arthur, Captain Grant, K.D.G., and most of the officers of the 32d and 93d, and other corps in Garrison here—Mr. Buchanan and numerous other civilians from the City and elsewhere—and it is much to be regretted that the Assizes going on at this time, prevented our learned friends from participating in the sports; the "turns out," like the company, were very select; the most conspicuous, and altogether the best adapted for the occasion, was that of Captain Arthur's four-in-hand Drag, the arrival of which at the Stand, filled with the "right sort" seemed to be the signal for starting; the Captain being appointed to get the horses "off," and Captain F. Markham as Judge, the gentlemen jocks stripped, mounted, and to work they went and no mistake for

The *County Plate* of £20, free for all horses, three year olds to carry 9st 10lb, four 10st 11lb, five 11st 3lb, six and aged 11st 7lb. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen Riders, Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.

Mr. Crawford's ch. h *Tom Kemble*, by Eclipse, aged	Mr. Maitland	1	0	1
Mr. Feeghan's b. g. Shillelagh, aged	Mr. Barnard	2	0	2
Mr. Chapman's Imp. br. h. Meux, by Young Phantom, aged	Mr. James	4	0	3
Mr. Howard's b. g. by Black Figure, 4 yrs	Lt. Campbell	3	0	dr

Betting, 5 to 4 on Shillelagh, who took the lead with Tom Ketchum, at a tremendous pace for three quarters of a mile, when Tom Kemble, to the astonishment of all, being at one time nearly 200 yards astern, caught them, and beat Shillelagh home by half a length.

In the 2d heat, Kemble and Shillelagh went away neck and neck together, continued locked throughout, and came in so close, Captain Markham justly gave it a dead heat.

In the 3d heat, Shillelagh again made play, (with Meux for a short distance), Tom Kemble lying close in his wake, till near the distance, where he got up to Shillelagh, and finally won a most severe punishing race by about a length. We believe this is the first dead heat in any race on this Course. Meux ran shy.

Match, £50 a side, P.P. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Yarker's ch. f. by Sir Walter, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb		1	1	
Mr. Barnard's b. m. Mavourneen, 6 yrs, 7st 2lb		2	dist.	

Won very easy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18.

The *City Plate* of £25, free for all horses, 2 yr. olds a feather, three 6st 6lb, four 7st 9lb, five 8st 4lb, six 8st 10lb, and aged 9st. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Chapman's Imp. b. m *Yorkshire Lass*, by Duncan Gray, 5 yrs	Goundrill	2	1	1
Mr. Barnard's br. m. Polly Jones, by Cock of the Rock, aged		5	3	2
Mr. Gilmour's br. h. Sir Lovel, aged		1	2*	
Mr. Richard's gr. h. Hamiltonian, aged		6	4	dr
Mr. Howard's b. g. Tom Ketchum, 4 yrs		3	dist.	
Mr. Crawford's ch h. Tom Kemble, aged		4*		

* Sir Lovel broke down, and Tom Kemble fell lame.

2 to 1 on Kemble, 2 to 1 on Lovel, 4 to 1 on Yorkshire Lass, no others mentioned. This was a most beautiful race throughout. Ketchum and Lovel got the lead, the others all in a ruck on one another's quarters close at their heels; they kept in this manner with little variation for a mile and a half, when Ketchum resigned his place to "t'oud lass;" here also Kemble tried it on, and came up for a few strides, but failed; Sir Lovel winning the heat by half a length, Ketchum 3d, Kemble 4th, about two lengths behind the winner. Kemble pulled up lame.

In the 2d heat, the Lass and Sir Lovel took the lead at starting, going it head and head near all the way, which she won by a length, Sir Lovel 2d, and broke down.

Only Polly and "t'oud lass" for the third heat, which the latter had all her own way, and won very easy.

Remarks—Had Tom Kemble not unfortunately fallen lame in the first heat, and Sir Lovel broke down in the second, most probably a different result would have turned up—the wonder is that the mare won such a severe race, at all, considering she was only nine days out of the field, but blood will tell.

Match, £50 a side, between Mr. Gates' b. g. *Limber Jim*, by Henry, aged, carrying 8st 11lb, and Mr. Gilmour's b. h. *Sir Lovel*, aged, 8st 8lb. Heats, two miles.

It was lucky for the Sir Lovel party that Limber Jim had paid forfeit before the break down.

A handsome Jockey Saddle was won by Mr. Cash's bay mare, beating four others—an excellent race.

This truly sporting affair, we believe, will finish the races in the Canadas, after the most brilliant season that has ever been in British North America. We trust that next year will show a still greater improvement from the increase of importations and fresh competitors coming on the Turf with Provincial bred stock.

Toronto Patriot of Oct. 22.

THE GATHERING.—TORONTO ATHLETIC GAMES.

Patrons—His Excellency Lieutenant Governor, and Major General Sir Geo. Arthur, K. C. H.

Umpire—Colonel Mackenzie Frazer, Q. M. G.

Stewards—The Mayor of the City, MacNab of that Ilk, the Hon. William Allan, Hon. Mr. Justice McLean, Hon. Sir Allan N. MacNab, the Sheriff of the Home District, Col. Cox, K. H. & P. S., Col. Spark, 93d Highlanders, Col. Wingfield, 32d Regt., Col Bullock, A. G. M., C. A. Hagerman Esq., Attorney General, W. H. Draper, Esq., Solicitor General, Major Arthur, 93d Highlanders, Major Reid, 32d Regt., Major Magrath, 1st I. D., Capt. F. Markham, 32d Regt., Capt. Sands, K. D. G., Capt. Arthur, A. D. C., Lieut Domville, A. D. C., Lieut. Marriott, Royal Artillery, C. C. Small, Esq., Clerk of the Crown, George Monro, Esq., Peter Buchanan, Esq., T. D. Harris, Esq., Archibald Macdonell, Esq., C. W. Heath, Esq., John Maitland, Secretary.

FIRST DAY.

Wednesday, 11th Sept.

The slumbers of the inhabitants were disturbed at an early hour this morning by "Hey Johnie Cope are ye Wauken yet," and the "Gathering o' the Clans," played through the City, by four Pipers from the gallant 93d, fully attired in the garb of Clan Gregor, reminding us that the Gathering had begun.—At nine o'clock, crowds of spectators and competitors, from all quarters, moved towards Caer Howell, and soon amounted to several thousands, for whose accommodation a convenient stand was erected, capable of holding 500 people, in front of which an extensive space was strongly posted and roped.

In consequence of the necessary absence on a departmental tour of our able Umpire, Capt. F. Markham, of the 32d, was chosen to "reign in his stead,"—and then the Games commenced with

Quoiting (22 yards) for a silver jug, value £5, won by Captain John Torrance (from Lanarkshire, Scotland), Farmer, Scarboro'.

Running hop, step, and leap—medal, £2, 40 feet 2 inches. John Overland (from Upwell, Cambridgeshire, England), Tailor, Toronto.

Standing hop, step, and leap—medal, £1 10s., 28 feet 7 inches, John Overland, do.

Running high leap—piece of plate, £3 5s., 5 feet 6 inches. John Overland, do.

Standing high leap—medal, £1 10s., 4 feet 3 inches. John Overland, do.

Throwing light hammer, weight 10 lbs.—medal, £1 10s., 110 feet, Michael Kennedy (from Herbeth Town, County Limerick, Ireland), Toronto.

Putting light ball, weight 18 lbs.—medal, £2 10s., 35 feet 9 inches, Thomas Carradice, (from Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, Scotland), Esquesing.

First sack race, (50 yards)—medal, 15s., James Stanton, son of Robert Stanton, Esquire, Toronto.

Second sack race—medal, 15s, John Monro, son of George Monro, Esquire, Toronto.

Third sack race—medal, 15s, Private Mackay Monro (from Tongue, Sutherlandshire, Scotland), 93d Highlanders.

First short foot race, (120 yards)—medal, £2, Corporal Farquhar Macgilvery, 93d Highlanders, from Campbelltown, County of Inverness, Scotland.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, the Stewards and their friends, sat down to an excellent dinner, which did great credit to the proprietors of the Ontario House, the duties of the chair were ably discharged by His Worship the Mayor, supported by Captains Arthur and Markham; Mr. Secretary Maitland officiated as croupier, supported by P. Buchanan and Thos. Gurley, Esqrs. Many loyal toasts and sentiments proceeded from the chair, which met with ardent and enthusiastic responses from the company, who seemed all equally wrapt in perfect enjoyment. The healths of His Excellency, Sir George Arthur and Sir Francis Head, were drank amid thunders of applause, as was also the health of Captain Markham; a striking proof that the citizens of Toronto equally appreciate wisdom in council, and valor in the field. On the whole, we despair of ever again passing so pleasant an evening

SECOND DAY.

Putting heavy ball, [24 lbs]—piece of plate, £3 5s., 28 feet 3 inches. Thos. Carradice.

Throwing heavy hammer, [16 lbs]—piece of plate, £3 15s., 80 feet 8 inches, Thomas Carradice.

First hurdle race, [120 yards]—medal, £2, Mr. Friend Wilcox, Farmer, Etobicoke.

Wrestling, collar and elbow—medal, £2. Private John Pepper, 32d Regt., from Dublin, Ireland.

Wrestling, collar and elbow, trippers—medal, £2. Private Joseph Rose, 32d Regt.; from Nottingham, England.

Wrestling, back-hold—medal, £2, Mr. Charles Hodgson, from Cumberland, England; Farmer, Markham.

First long foot race, [440 yards]—medal, £2 10s., Private David Macleod, 93d Highlanders, from Thurso, Caithness-shire, Scotland.

Second long foot race—medal, £2, Private James Monro, 92d Highlanders, from Tain, Ross-shire, Scotland.

First boys' short foot race—blue bonnet, James Cuthbert, Toronto.

Second boys' short foot race—blue bonnet, Dugald McDougall, Toronto.

There was a concert by the St. Luke family, in the City Hall, in the evening, under the patronage of the Stewards, which gave very great satisfaction, particularly the performance of the young Paganini.

THIRD DAY.

Second Hurdle Race—handsome blue bonnet, Lieutenant Campbell, 32d Regt.

Third boys' short foot race—blue bonnet, Peter McArthur, Toronto.

Second short foot race—blue bonnet, George Williams, a colored man, from the Southern States.

Third hurdle race—handsome blue bonnet, George Graham.

Two bell races, for blue bonnets.

Rifle shooting [120 yards]—medal, £3 5s., C. C. Small, Esquire, Toronto.

Bowling—medal, £3 5s., Robert McClure, Esq, from Ayr, Scotland, Toronto.

FOURTH DAY.

First sweepstakes for rifle shooting—Messrs. Small, Powell, Reid, Fairbanks, Craig, Magrath, Sherwood, Ketchum, Wakefield, and Copland, won by Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. T. Magrath, second.

Second sweepstakes for rifle shooting—the above gentlemen and Messrs. Blevins and Ashfield, won by Mr. C. Small, Mr. Fairbanks, second.

Third sweepstakes for rifle shooting—Messrs. Small, Magrath, Powell, Copland, Reid, and Fairbanks, won by Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Small, second.

Thus has finished (with the exception of archery and cricket, which it has yet been impossible to bring off) the first anniversary of *The Gathering* for our Athletic Games, and for which at least six hundred competitors of all classes of the community, and from the five divisions of the earth, have entered the lists and contended for the different prizes with the most perfect good humor, at the same time struggling with the keenest determination to carry off the laurels of the day. The ground was visited from time to time by our universally esteemed Lieutenant Governor, his lady and family, by many officers and gentlemen from distant parts of this and the other provinces, and all the beauty and fashion of the city and vicinity.

Considering the immense concourse of people collected together, it is highly creditable to the stewards, that by their arrangements not the least disorder of any kind has taken place, and it is no presumption to affirm, that this Gathering has rarely been surpassed even at home; the thanks of the community are justly due to Colonel Wingfield and others of the 32d, and Major Arthur and officers of the 93d, who have so much added to the pleasures of the Gathering, by lending the regimental bands, and handsomely contributing; to Captain Sands and the officers of the K. D. G. at Niagara, and also to "The Macnab," who has come upwards of 450 miles, having started from Macnab with six of his Highlanders to compete, but owing to the disarrangement of the steamers, from the boisterous state of the weather, he was obliged reluctantly to leave them half way, and only succeeded through great perseverance in reaching Toronto himself on the evening of the second day. "Better luck next time."

We ought not to omit making our distant readers acquainted with the beauties of Caer Howell, where these games took place, and where there is concentrated more materiel and opportunity for such out-door manly amusements than at any place we remember to have visited. It is situated one mile north of the city, and was some years ago taken on a long lease, by its present spirited proprietor, Mr. Erskine, who maintains there, in good olden style, a capital establishment where the most fastidious gourmand can have, suited to his taste, fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits; and the connoisseur in "liqueur guid" can be abundantly supplied, of which we had ample proof these few days past. It is approachable to pedestrians by a walk tastefully laid out at considerable expense, lined on each side by stripes of young plantation, known as the College Avenue; at the lower, or city end, are posted two very handsome lodges and gates, leading into an open space of many acres, neatly studded with small clumps of trees, where it is intended to erect the college of U. C. Before reaching the extremity by fifty yards, strikes off by an almost unseen path, the way through the belt on the west, unto the Caer Howell grounds, and the instant you escape from the thicket, you are taken with surprise by the number of horses tied to the posts and fences, and led about by soldiers and retainers, in and out of livery, mounted and on foot, and by vehicles of every description. The surprise is only begun, when up plays a band of music, belonging to one of the regiments, delighting a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, who are reclining on the rustic seats, or strolling about the grounds; next out bellows some one running at half speed across a green after a black ball, in a flannel jacket, and not the best straw *tile* in the world, "kissed jack," and then follows a shout; these are bowlers, playing on a very neat green formed in the glen, through which meanders a small stream, over which is thrown a covering, and thus between the banks is the bowling-green.

Bang goes a shot,—"hit the bull's eye," cries a dozen voices at once. This is another party of gentlemen who have a sweepstakes at rifle shooting, in the hollow above the green, across which is a dam; and here during winter, amateurs at curling enjoy themselves. One may think he is now up to all the secrets,—but no,—the band has stopped, and louder shouts than ever are heard from behind. On looking round, he is struck with an immense, dark-looking, ungainly, strong frame building, amongst the trees, (how it got there's a puzzler,) and he at once pronounces it "a mad-house." Silence for a moment, and out bounces six or eight of its inmates, at first sight seemingly quite raised, and all in a precious stew, with clubs in their hands, to attack the quiet unsuspecting spectators of the bowling and rifle shooting, perceives next moment this is a racket court, said to be the best this side the Atlantic; the gentlemen who have been playing have now their rackets in their hands, and drying their brows, complain of thirst, they dive into the saloon to mend that matter. Satisfied of knowing all now, and with half a mind to follow the example of the racketers,—when lo! another great noise gets up,—sure it's some of the horses bolted with a carriage,—no,—all looks quiet in that direction,—but, I soon find I'm standing close to a ten pin alley, (which I before thought was a long stable,) where another large party are busily employed rolling. Determined at last to find out all by taking a wander round,—tried the landlord's punch,—and resolved to explore a little further, by winding our way along the bridge which is here thrown across the ravine, but this was found no easy matter, it being quite crowded by the before mentioned spectators, and by a number of persons supposed by us to be the peace keepers; having accomplished this, and following the current through another plantation, the ear was saluted by the music from the bagpipes playing the finishing tune to that day's Athletic Games—"Guid nicht an' joy be wi' ye a'." On our return we learned that the supposed peace-keepers were no less than members of the cricket club, with their bats, who had been disappointed of their play that day, their ground being still occupied by the Gathering. We reached home highly pleased with our rambles through the Caer Howell grounds, and delighted that our capital can boast of encouraging, so extensively, such national pastimes.

Toronto Patriot.

MR. JORROCKS'S LAST LECTURE.

The fame of Mr. Jorrocks's Oxendon-street oratory having reached Handley Cross, it occurred to several of the ardent sportsmen that a sporting lecture would be an appropriate way of finishing the hunting season, which, on being represented to Mr. Jorrocks, that gentleman, with the consideration which characterizes all his proceedings, readily consented to give, and postponed his departure to London for another day. The usual notices being given at the libraries, billiard-rooms, baths, and other places of public resort, tickets went off with amazing rapidity, and it soon became apparent that an overflowing bumper would be the result. Feeling the importance of the occasion, and remembering the accident* that happened to him on a former occasion, we would not trust the report of the proceedings to the "genteel young person" who generally works this department of the magazine, but went down in person, and made such arrangements with the Directors of the Lilly White Sand Railway as enabled us to keep feeding the voracious maw of Mr. Spiers's press. As the lecture proceeded, and while Mr. Jorrocks was yet speaking at Handley Cross, his words were repouring out in type in Oxford street in a perfect flood of jet black eloquence. This we think outherods Herod in the way of "industry of management," and dashes the spinnage the vaunted exertions of the Regent-street cab driver,† who boasted of publishing the result of the Liverpool Steeple Chase four and twenty hours after it happened.

But to the lecture. Precisely at eight o'clock, Mr. Jorrocks entered the lecture room (the long room of the Dragon) by the President's door, and ascended the raised platform immediately on the left. He was dressed in the full evening costume of the hunt,—sky blue cloat lined with pink silk, canary-colored shorts, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings, and looked uncommonly spruce—his pumps shone with French polish. Several members of the hunt, some in morning dress, others in evening, followed; and James Pigg and Binjimin, in scarlet coats, black caps, and top boots, brought up the rear. The room at this time was as full as it could possibly hold, not less than three hundred and fifty persons being assembled, among whom of course "we observed" several elegantly dressed females. Mrs. Jorrocks, we are sorry to say, had the tooth-ache and could not come. Immediately as he entered, the whole company rose and greeted our hero with a volley of most enthusiastic cheers, which continued for some minutes, and appeared greatly to affect the worthy gentleman, who stood bowing and grinning like a Chinese monster on a chimney-piece. Silence being at length obtained, and all the attendants having settled themselves into their places on the platform, and the company having resumed their seats, he advanced to the front and spoke as follows:—

"Beloved 'earers, behold your old friend, John Jorrocks (cheers). John! old in 'ears, but young in mind and body, and dewoted, oh *dewoted*, to the noble cause of 'unting. Oh, my beloved 'earers, do not think I'm a coming old daddy Nimrod over you, when I repeats, for the hundred and firty-first time, that 'unting is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger (cheers); do not think I say so for the mere sake of gaining your most sweet applause, for, believe me werry sincere when I declare I'd rather 'ear the cry of the 'ounds, or even the lowest whimper that acknowledges the scent, than have all the cheering your voices can bestow (laughter, with slight hissing). And, oh, to think that since I last delivered a sporting lecto at No. Hoxendon-street, 'Aymarket, I have been lifted on to the lofty pedestal of an M. F. H., far above the envy and detraction of a censorious world, and, like the immortal gentleman who wrote Gil Blas,

'Into the 'eaven of 'eavens I have presumed an earthly guest,
And drawn celestial h'air.'

(Loud cheers, lasting for several minutes.) Wot a reflection! Here I stands on the highest pinnacle that even a cock robin can aspire to, and pilgrims from all parts come to glean science from my lips—clean, neat, unadulterated science; not your washey compounds of Beckford and Pierce Egan; not your word-changing, penny-a-line-spinning, court circular copying trash; but true sporting, clean, winnow'd information, from the most practical sportsman wot ever drew breath (cheers). That's the sort of stuff for 'Andley Cross—the real cream of the wally—the Daffy's Elixir—the Cordial Balm of Gilead—in fact, the every thing wot is great, good, and delightful, in this every day working world of ours.

"Gentlemen, this is the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug—balderdash, the grossest, and 'umbug the greatest that the most imaginative eye of the liveliest intellect can possibly conceive (applause). There was a poet, I think his name was John Brown, who said

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.'

And well they may, for we do our best to merit the opinion. See 'ow we treat 'unting! Dear delightful 'unting, the werry mention of whose name covers me with the creeps, and thrills me all over with joy. We must now 'unt by book forsooth; fox and 'ounds must be alike under our subjection, and if they don't do exactly as is laid down in the book, reynard is all wrong, and the 'ounds are good for nothing (cheers). Oh, my vig, to think I should ever live to see a fox 'unted on mathematical principles (renewed cheers); to see the problem 'vich vay has he gone?' worked without the aid of 'ounds!

"Away with such rabbish! John Jorrocks is the only real, legitimate, enlightened, sapient sportsman, and here, *here*, from this lofty heminence I hurls defiance at the whole tribe of word-mangling, grammar-strangling, cotation-examining scribblers, and bids them to a grand tilt or tournament of words, when every man may do his best, and I'll make mince meat of them all—'catermauchously chaw them up,' in fact, as the Americans say.

"But gently, old bouy, gently," continued he in a more subdued tone, "your wehimence has got the bit between its teeth, and with boring 'ead is running clean away with you—*steady there, steady*. Now, my beloved 'earers, I've brought you here to tell you *all* about the chase—to teach you to enjoy that sport,

'For the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor.'

Ave, *too costly for the poor*, and more's the pity that it is too costly, for there is more real genuine foxuntitiveness, more of the innate genuine hardour and dewoted affection for the chase in the poor man wot sacrifices a day's pay for the sake of a hunt, than in all your waunting, boasting, cover-cantering swells wot ride forty miles to the meet, for wot? For the sake of the sport? No. For the sake of the exercise? No. For the sake of the master? No. Oh, my beloved 'earers, tell it not in St. Botolph's-lane, wisper it not in Great Coram-street—for the sake of seeing themselves in immortal type! There is an old saying, 'that the emulation of leading in osses and their riders has been the ruin of many a good cry;' but that emulation was a worthy one, and if the sport was injurred, though one might cuss the chap at the time, yet one loved the enthusiasm and forgave the offence with the same breath. But, oh, for an M. F. H., or master of fox-'ounds, to be surrounded by a ramming, jamming, cramming, set of coves, all hustling and jostling for big places at small fences, regardless of his 'ounds, for the sake of a sixpenny notoriety in a pamphlet, is more than 'uman flesh and blood can endure. I wouldn't take a country infested by a penman—no not for no manner of money at all wotsoever, But that's beside the question, or another pair of shoes as we say in France. The chase! the chase! or the *noble science*, as the quack doctors of 'unting now call it, is to be the subject of my discourse; but, oh, my beloved 'earers, it's werry 'ard to turn one's tongue to talk of wot one's 'eart is fit to brust at the mention of—werry 'ard indeed. There was a man wrote a book, and said, among other intelligent things, that one cannot do an act not in itself morally evil for the last time without feelings of regret; and if that were a true observation with regard to indifferent or trifling things, 'ow much more telling must it be when applied to wot may be called the werry life, liver, and bacon of one's existence. To that noblest, sublimest, grandest, best of all sports, the gallant, cheering, soul-stirring chase"—Mr. Jorrocks paused for some seconds, as if overcome by his feelings.

* * * * * *

At length he resumed. "Here," said he, "we have closed a most beautiful season. Though I says it, who should not, never did a pack give more universal satisfaction than mine,—sotisfaction the most boundless, and gratification the most complete. Summer now draws on, or did ought to do, if it is a coming at all, during which time we may rest on our hoars, contemplate the past, and spekilate on the futur—that uncertain futur which we all look forward to with presumptuous certainty. Oh, my beloved 'earers, but summer is a dreadful season. Whoever talked of the vinter of our discontent, talked like an insane man, and no sportsman. Summer is the season of our misery! Long days, short nights, and nankeen shorts. Contemptible wear!—but oh! top boots delight me not now, drab shags neither. Wot a change is coming o'er the spirit of my dream! I knows no more melancholic ceremony than that of taking the 'unting string out of one's 'at at the end of a season. With wot regret one folds up and puts away the old red rag—unlike all other coats, the dearer and more hinteresting the older and more worthless it becomes. Every rent, every stain, every darn, has its story and association. The large black stain on the right shoulder was got in Swallerton Bog, which I charged like a whole regiment of Life Guards, just as the darlings were viewing the varmint, and I thought to pick him up on the far side. Crickey, vot a flounder I had!—old Arterxerxes bogged up to the werry tail, plunging and heaving, and groaning, and snorting, and sweating, with every appearance of being established for life. Oh, my beloved 'earers, a bog is a werry rum thing to get into, and is so werry enticing withal, that I don't wonder at people being caught. Quiet, sly, soft, green, omelet-souffle looking things, so stuffed with currants as to be perfectly black below, and as holding as a stick-jaw pudding at a charity school. I doesn't mean to detract from the merits of other bogs, but the Swallerton Bog certainly is in my mind the biggest bog whatever was seen, and as hospitable as a man can desire, for once in, it is in no hurry to part with you again.

"Then the great rent right across the back! 'Ow well I remember doing that. We were going like beans over Harroway Fleets, with such a crack scent as only comes twice in one season. I viewed a fox, or a dog, I couldn't say whether, rising the hill by Montamone church; and wot with keeping my eye on him and galloping werry 'ard, I never saw a bullfinch that Arterxerves was preparing himself for on the sly until it was too late, and he charged a thing so big and so black that if a lanthorn had been held on the far side you could'nt have seen it; well, I say, he charged it with such wicked wigor and determination, that he left me sticking like a cherub aloft right between two strong holders, one of which had to be sawn off afore ever I could get out, and when I did I found I had lost one coat lap, and the other was 'anging by a mere thread (laughter and applause). Delightful recollection! Shall I ever forget the joy I experienced, as, sticking tight in the hedge, I saw the darlings take up the line on which I had viewed the hanimal travelling? A delicate compliment to the brightness of my vision! Oh, never! My too sensible 'eart sickens at the thought that the joy of life is over for a season. Oh, the long summer months that are about to succeed are truly appalling to the 'eart of a sportsman. True, each season brings its hoccupation, but if that hoccupation is no enjoyment, wot matter does it make there being such a thing?" Mr. Jorrocks again made a long pause, and appeared lost in thought.

* * * * * *

"Great Coram-street is a lovely cheerful place," said he. "The trees within the rails, and the wines within the areas, flourish and expand with all the vigour of foliage and vegetable life in the purest and most salubrisome spots. But sweeter, dearer far, is the wild bleak heath,

'Where man has ne'er or rarely trod.'

* Got "werry drunk."

† Vide Sporting Review.

with a good strong 'olding goss cover, lying on a gentle dominence, catching the rays of a midday sun, out of which one may reasonably calculate upon finding old Reynard at home any hour of the day. But I can't pursue the subject. It is too much for me—painful to a degree. Pigg, get me some brandy and water—strong—without—for I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid a going to be married.'

Mr. Jorrocks here took his seat for a few minutes, until the brandy came, which appeared to revive him; and having regained his composure and self-possession, he again stood forward on the platform amid much applause.

"Beloved 'earers," said he, "you must excuse me pursuing the subject of the chase. I meant to enlighten you on the management of 'ounds at 'ome and in the field, but somehow or other I feels the excitement of the subject is too much for me; I feels as though my stomach was a boiler, sending red 'ot words up into my mouth. Let me then turn to matters more seasonable though less pleasant, and consider the summer department of our lives. We are now about to separate. Many of you, I makes no doubt, will thnk it necessary to go to town, though I cannot but say that you are great fools for your pains. There are more people punish themselves annually once a year, by going to London, than the unthinking portion of the community would credit. If a man has plenty of money it's all werry well. London is an undeniable place for getting rid of it in. Friends abound there for rich men. Aye, the kindest, the most accommodatingest friends, who will do any thing to serve you as long as your money las's. To London let the rich man go. Whatever is gay, or grand, or expensive, will be his; he will mount his thorough-bred, with a bang tail down to the 'ocks, put his groom on another, in a dark frock coat, leather breeches, and belt round his waist to strap on his master in case he should tumble off; they will hamble down Bond-street, 'prowoking the caper wot they seem to chide,'—Master pretending to be short-sighted, with a quizzing glass stuck in his eye."

Here Mr. Jorrocks put a half crown piece over his, and, suiting the action to the word, proceeded amidst universal laughter and applause.

"Meets a friend. 'Oh, how do, my lord? Been long in town? When do you leave?' for, gentlemen," continued Mr. Jorrocks, resuming his gravity, "I'll lay a guinea 'at to a gooseberry, when two men meet with little to say, that that is the conversation wot passes. Five o'clock comes and he is in the park. Wot a crowd about the gate! It's to see Wictoria pass. Down Rotten-row a troop of horses are cantering all together and within themselves, as though each was the duplicate of the other. First come two grooms in dark frocks, belts, and leather breeches, on trotting chesnuts, to clear the way. Then comes the queen, on her cantering dun, black beaver 'at, olive-colored habit, and a pouting lip. Old Melbourne, that old warmint amongst the women, in a shocking bad 'at, on one side, and a chap wot grins like a Cheshire cat on the other. Canter, canter, canter, they go by, and afore ever one has time to ax which is which, they are out of sight. The band plays at the gardens—up our rich man canters without knowing why he breaks from a walk, throws the rein to his groom, and lounges in to lisp to the ladies. 'Oh! pon honor—exquisite—delightful band—Second Life Guards—going to Almacks?—Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich—Charming weather—Looks like rain—How's your Mother?—Lord Eglinton's tournament.' Back then he goes by the Serpentine. Kid gloves are kissed to him, feathers nod, eyes ogle, and Johnnys and Gehus touch their lace daubed 'ats. Now he reins up his prancer at the base of Achilles, in 'opes of himmortality in next season's chaunt. Evening's cool comes on and the world passes in review. Two rows of carriages, like ropes to a well, goes different ways, and afford a view of each side of the question. There's Lincoln Stanhope, with his green coach and greys—quiet—steady—something between smart and seedy My Lady Blessington, in her straw-picked green phaeton, the werry picter of luxery and elegance in owner, 'osses, carriage, and 'arness. Here's a glass coach, that puzzler to country-bred coachmen. Now comes a country gentleman in purgatory. 'My own carriage, with job 'osses'—coachman in an old castor, blue coat with covered buttons, drab breeches, and jean gaiters—the fee simple of both 'osses paid for a month's hire. Poney pheaton with outriders—red and white ribbons streaming at their bay heads—blue and red liveries, leathers, 'unting wips in the outriders' 'ands—My Lady Chesterfield, and a werry good turn out. Now 'Rags' come tearing down at full canter, with a groom in a flare-up livery, cantering also, and then they canter back in just as great a hurry as they came. Another poney pheaton—duns, dun mounted outriders—my Lady Vilton—werry good, werry neat. That's Grantley Berkeley on the short tailed bay—great swell—uncommon. Now comes Waterford on his drag. Mild, gentlemanly-looking young man, with a werry strong spice of the devil in him, wot always rises about eleven o'clock at night. To look at him, you'd say he was quite a pattern young man—'andles his ribbons like a workman, and has his 'osses put to as they should be. *Pull hup*, young Marquis, and be the *lady** at all times. There's a swell! That's D'Orsay—leathers and Hessians—there's a calf—best limbed man in London. D'Orsay and I are the only two men wot wear Hessians, and I reckon we are the best turned out men in London. Never had on a pair of trowsers in my life, and 'opes I never shall. Look at those chesnuts in that yellow barouche, with the coachman in top boots, and the flunkey in trousers. How they move! How they go! Perfect all over. Don't often give long prices for 'osses, but wouldn't mind risking thirty a-piece for them. No 'osses go like Gwyder's—I begs his pardon—Villowby's. The claret-colored barouche, with sky-blue lining, and all the brass about it, is the Duke of Brunswick's, and a werry rumbustical turn-out it is. To sit beside him when driving four-in-'and is an exemplification of the extent to which human courage will go. Here comes the Duke of Vellington, on the chesnut,—placid, steady, and thoughtful. All 'ats go off to him, and he touches his nose for fear of wearing the brim of his own out. Blue frock and white ducks. Says he has but two coats at a time, a frock and a dress, so that his valet never lays out his wrong one. Now comes Lady Halesbury, in her brown pheaton, with outriders—werry good, indeed; and then comes Sir Henry Peyton with the yellow coach and greys. That's Lady Craven, with the dashing blacks. Here comes Nelly Omes—best 'oss-woman in the world—beat nine-tenths of the men wot go out 'unting. Oh, dear me! that word has given me the quivers. Am going to be bad again—all on fire. Pigg, where's the brandy? Gone right through me again, I declares." Mr. Jorrocks made another pause, finished the tumbler of brandy and water, and resumed.

"We will cut the park," said he, "and suppose it half-past seven. Lord Cut and Shuffle has the rich man on the box of his drag—four spanking bays two tigers behind, two friends on the roof, and two inside. Away they bowl to Greenwich—best room, dinner two guineas a-head, iced champagne—fish of all sorts—Yarrell done up in dishes—should have ten stomachs instead of one—back at eleven. Hopera—time for ballet—Tallihony! squizzing glass—gauze petticoats—or dress for Almacks—half-past twelve, glancing at self in mirrors of folding doors. 'How do? Duchess here?—Lady Fanny werry pretty—Lord George werry plain—lemonade werry sour.' Go to Crockford's palace, all welwet and gold. Have some supe cureasore to cure the lemonade—iced champagne to cure the cureasore—lobster sallad to cure the iced champagne. Lounge into the back apartments—large round table—strong light. Man with a green shade over his eyes and a hoe in his hand! Old rakes all round him. Fathers sitting opposite sons—the famine of play raging: hundreds going into the pockets of a fishmonger in a brown jazey, who keeps a real live cock-cook, and speaks werry bad English—hard work for hours. Clean! Bed by daylight. All this is werry pleasant, and many of us would like it uncommon, but then misfortunately few men's means correspond with their wishes.

"London is a grand place, to be sure; but oh, my beloved 'earers, there is no misery like that of solitude in a crowd, or inconvenience like that of living with men without being able to afford to partake of their pleasures. London is the rich man's paradise, the poor man's purgatory; yet how many fools, who can ill afford to come, think it necessary to make an annual pilgrimage once a year to the shrine of her monstrosity. Hup they come, leaving their quiet country 'omes just as their sparrowgrass is ready for eating, and their roses begin to blow, neglecting their farms, maybe their families, leaving bulls to bail themselves, cattle to get out of the pound, and wagrants into the stocks, the best way they can; hup; I say, thy come to town, to get stuck in garrets at inns, with the use of filthy, cigar-smoking, spittey, sandey-floored, saw dusty coffee-rooms, a hundred and seventy-five steps below, and never a soul to speak to. Vet misery is their's! Down they come of a morning after a restless, tumbling, heated, noisy night, to the day den of the establishment, with little appetite for breakfast, but feeling the full necessity of having some in order to pass time. A greasy-coller'd, jerking, lank 'aired waiter casts a second-'and badly-washed web over a slip of table, in a stewey red-curtain'd box, perhaps into which the sun beats with unmitigated wengeance. A britannia metal teapot, a cup, a plate, a knife, and a japanned tea caddie, make their appearance. Then comes a sugar bason, followed by a swarm of flies that 'unt it as 'ounds would a fox, and a small jug of "sky blue," which the flies use as a bath after their repast. A half-buttered muffin mounts a waterless slop bason, a dirty egg accompanies some toasted wedges of bread, the waiter points to a lump of carrion wot he calls cold beef, on a dusty sideboard, and promises to bring the Post as soon as it is out of 'and. Sixteen gentlemen sit at sixteen slips of table, looking at each other with curihosity or suspicion, but never a word is exchanged by any of them. Towards noon they begin to vacate their slips of wood. One paces hup and down the coffee-room, with his thumbs in his harm-'oles of his veskit; another takes a coatlap over each arm, and lounges against the fireless fire-place; a third looks at his watch, and lays his legs along the bench for a nap; while a fourth flattens his nose against the winder, or reads the witticisms of former town captives, or the hamorous contributions of jaded waiters to buxom chambermaids, on the panes. Carriages begin to roll; lords, dukes, captains, cockneys, jostle together, and the coffee-room is gradually emptied into the crowded streets. Vot a sight! All the world compressed into Bond-street! carriages blocked, cabs locked, 'ossmen driven onto the footway, and the foot people driven into the shops. But wot boots it to Johnny Raw if there were twice as many! He doesn't know one carriage from another, and has'nt got nobody to tell him who they belong to. There he stands gaping like a stuck pig, now staring his eyeballs out at a carriage, now bringing his body to bear upon a print shop window, now fancying a lady in feathers on the foot-way to be a duchess, that has taken a fancy to him, who he follows up to Clarence gardens, and comes away under the impression that it is their country villa. But wot a relief to have some one to whom he can speak! Talk of dull dogs! Live in London for a week without an acquaintance, and the stupidest lump of lead that ever was moulded into the shape of a man will be a perfect god-send at the end of the time. Well, hup and down the street our poor idle man from the country goes, round squares, into crescents, through parks, until his feet are swelled double their size, and the toes of his boots look up in his face as much as to say 'Wot *has* come over us now?' Still no one greets him, and Squire Greener, who is a werry great man, and knows everybody both at Hashem and Flashem, is astonished to find that no one hails him in London. Now for a chop-house or coffee-room dinner. Oh the 'orrible smell that greets you at the door. Compound of cabbage, pickled salmon, boiled beef, saw dust, and hanchovy sarce. 'Wot will you take, sir?' enquires the frowsey waiter, smoothing the filthey cloth: 'soles, macrel, vitings werry good, boiled beef nice cut, cabbage, weal, and 'am—cold lamb and sallard.' *Bah!* The den is 'ot to suffocation; the kitchen is below: a trap-door every now and then vomits up a dinner in return for a bellow down the pipe to the cook. Flies settle on your face, swarm on your head, a wasp travels round, everything tastes flat, second-hand, and sad. As a climax he gets a third of a bottle of warm port as a pint, and to prevent jealousy between body and mind, gives the latter a repast on second-hand news, by going through the columns of an evening paper. This too from a man wot can hardly manage a three days a week one in the country. Nine o'clock at length arrives, and he is at the theatre; and were it not for the excessive 'eat and confounded crowd, he might enjoy himself. As it is, the curtain drops, a welcome release, and after half an hour's solitary stroll, he finds himself smoking fat mother Mangeon under the Quadrant, who sits to be fumigated by all wot buy cigars at her shop. Thus he goes on day after day, week after week, in a melancholy state of existence; and all that he may have the pleasure of saying when he returns into the country, that he has 'jest *arrived from town*,' that town was werry full—werry gay, or werry dull; talk of high people in a low-lived style, and pretend to have been where he never was. No captive released from prison, no boy let free from school, hails with more 'eartfelt joy the arrival of that hour which restores him to wot the immortal Mr. Fielding (I think) calls

"Fresh fields and pastures new;"

and not all the pliability of a flexible mind can coax him into believing that he feels one longing, linering pang of regret, as he turns his back upon the crowded, 'eartless, busy, bustling, jading city. But wot, you will ax, as old Dady Nimrod enquires when he wants to spin out his matter, wot, you will ax, is the meaning of all this? Wot has Life in London to do with the 'noble science?' How can coffee-room life interfere with the sport of 'unting? I answer you it can, werry much and materially. There is an old saying, and a werry true one, that you can't both eat your cake and 'ave it, and by the same rule, or one werry like it, you can't both spend your money and have it. Now, if you come to London on a gallivanting expedition, with nothing whatsomever at all to do, the chances are that you get rooked. 'Idleness' has been werry well described as 'the papa of all mischiefs,' and assuredly Satan, as Mrs. Barbuld beautifully expresses it in her Pleasures of 'Ope, is always busy in London, finding work for 'idle 'ands to do.' Walk under the Regent's Quadrant of an evening, and see how many beautifully illuminated doors stand ajar inwiting the passer by to enter; go, and your done. It is not here

"All ye wot enter abandon 'ope;"

but wot I say is, all ye wot enter, leave your purses at home, or assuredly you will have werry little call for them when you come out. In short, if you waste your money in the summer, you can't expect to have it to spend in the winter, and wot then comes of your 'unting? aye, and what then comes of my 'ounds? That's the question put in a plain and concise form (cheers). Ah, now I see you twig, and go along with me. Which then will you have? As the noble hauthor of the noble science would say, 'utrum mavis alcipe?' 'Unting in winter or street strolling in summer? I'll diwide the meeting on the question, and take the sense of this assembly. All them who are for the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, with only five and twenty per cent of its danger, 'old up their hands." A forest of hands were held up for hunting; on the other question being put, no one was found in favor of it, whereupon Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and long continued applause, by complimenting them on their choice, calling upon every man to put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his possible in support of himself and the "HANDLEY CROSS FOX HOUNDS." A large party sat down to supper after the lecture; and we are happy to add that a subscription was opened for the purpose of presenting Mr. Jorrocks with a solid token of esteem in the shape of a silver steak dish, with a model of himself on horseback on the cover. More gratifying still it is to add, that the subscription was immediately filled. London (New) Sporting Mag.

* Mr. Jorrocks says everybody is called a "gentleman" now-a-days, therefore the thing to be *quite the lady*.

ANECDOTE OF A BLOODHOUND.

The subject of my story, and the uncle of my informant, was a very ardent sportsman, and kept as fine a pack of tiger-hounds as any person in all Guiana. He owned a large estate that yielded him a superb income, which he, however, appeared to value principally for the facilities it afforded him of pursuing *ad libitum*, his favorite pastime. One morning—and it was a morning by him never afterwards to be forgotten—the subject of this anecdote left home, and proceeded alone on a shooting excursion. I should scarcely, however, be justified in asserting that he went forth absolutely alone, for two powerful tiger-hounds followed closely at his heels. His favorite bloodhound howled long and plaintively for permission to join the party, but his master was inexorable; he was tied up and left behind. Indeed, even the two dogs he took with him were more as companions, than from any idea he entertained that their services would be called into requisition. Had he expected danger, it was not on them he would have relied, but on the noble animal whose courage and fidelity he had so often proved, and who was now left at home. The day passed over without any remarkable encounter, and Mr. A. was on his return home, his game-bag laden with feathered spoil, and a fine buck suspended from a projecting branch of a marked tree, awaited the morning's sun till a slave should be sent for it. He had now nearly reached the outskirts of the wood, when he suddenly perceived in the thicket, on one side of the path through which he must pass, two small faint and twinkling lights, like that of a pair of glow-worms; his practised eye instantly informed him that this appearance proceeded from nothing but the malevolent eyes of a wild beast—whether cougar, puma, jaguar, he hesitated not to determine; one thing was certain, retreat was fatal, and to advance was apparently equally so. Now, for a bold shot, a steady hand, and a cool sight, and you may yet be saved! Take care, sir, take care, sir! The sportsman's first action is to throw the barrel of his piece, unfortunately only a small bore, across his left arm, the thumb of his right hand cautiously and noiselessly cocks the gun, and the fourth finger of the same hand feels the trigger. Mr. A. steadily advanced; he was not suffered to remain long in suspense; he had proceeded but three paces when, with a terrific cry, the cougar (for such it was) sprung from its lair, and dashed upon him. He fired, but apparently without effect. Where were now his hounds! They had fled at the first glimpse of the furious beast, and rent the woods with their cowardly wailings! He struck, indeed, a few blows with the butt end of his piece, but the robber of the forest was too nimble for him; a momentary struggle and he was upon his back. The ferocious cougar was standing, or rather crouching over him; one paw was upon his broad chest, and each protruded talon, penetrating his clothes and flesh, caused a stream of blood to trickle down his side; the other paw grasped his skull, and he felt as if each claw penetrated to his brain; his senses reeled, and his blood suffused his eyes and nearly blinded him: still, however, this heroic American fainted not, nor ceased struggling manfully for the victory. His victorious arms were extended, and his hands grasped the monster's throat, thus keeping him for a time from bringing into play those rapacious jaws, which, as the hunter's strength declined, were gradually advancing into closer proximity with his face; such a fearful struggle could not be of long continuance. The burning eyeballs of the cougar glared nearer, and more near still, as they looked into the bloodshed orbits of the prostrate but still fearless victim; their owner was forced to turn them aside from the encounter, as if conscious of the dastardly nature of his attack, and the superior bravery, though inferior strength, of the man upon whom he couched. The powers of the man relaxed; nature had done her uttermost! and she was at length exhausted. The darkness of despair was on the point of plunging his senses into unconsciousness, and death was about to seize upon his victim, when the brushwood behind him crashed and yielded before a heavy weight; the bay of a bloodhound awoke him to consciousness and hope, a large animal bounded upon his merciless foe, the shock hurled the destroyer from its prey, and the brave hunter felt that he was saved An American hunter, whether a native of the northern or southern division of that vast continent, rarely, if ever, loses his presence of mind. The prostrate and much-lacerated man tottered to his feet, and recovering his hunting-knife, which he had lost in the struggle, staggered forward, and at imminent further hazard to himself, plunged it repeatedly between the ribs of his late conqueror, who, although he had well nigh mastered the dog (for such was his deliverer), was still too firmly fixed in the bloodhound's gripe to foresee or evade the avenging thrusts. It then fell backwards and released its courageous opponent, who, however, despite his wounds, maintained firm hold of his throat until Mr. A. had re-loaded his gun, and applying it to the monster's ear, put it out of pain, and deprived it of the capability of doing further mischief.

Need I explain the occasion of this truly providential and almost miraculous rescue. The favorite bloodhound which on quitting home he had left behind him, had continued howling all day as if possessing a sort of prophetic prescience of the accident, by which his owner's life would be placed in such extreme danger, and having at length broken loose, had gone forth in quest of his missing master, and found him in time, but only just in time, to save him from one of the most horrible of deaths.

The brave hunter, although much torn, contrived to remove the cougar's scalp, *i.e.* the ears, and that portion of the skin between and around them, and also to return home, from whence he was fortunately not far distant; nor did he, I am happy to be able to say, ever forget his faithful deliverer, but took the greatest care of him until he recovered from his wounds, which were, of course, severe, and constituted him his constant attendant night and day, till at length he died, at the advanced age of nineteen years, full of days and of honor.

The Naturalist.

Agricultural.

BREEDING CATTLE FOR MARKET.

Sir,—That the importing of cattle from the far-famed county of Durham, in England, has been productive of beneficial effects in this country, no person will venture to deny; but that this, as well as every thing new, has been carried too far, there can be no doubt; the consequence has been that many of the American farmers have got tired of the speculation, and what was commenced with avidity, has been discontinued in disgust. The cause of which is simply as follows:—A very prevalent belief exists in America, that Durham cattle in particular cannot be too purely bred; in fact, that if not thorough bred they are almost good for nothing.

Now a more mistaken notion cannot well be conceived, as the very best description of cattle can be produced from one cross of the Durham—the description of animal best calculated to repay the breeder, and to remunerate the stall feeder. In Ireland, particularly, there have been four year old bullocks bred and fatted for the London markets, which have attained the weight of fifteen hundred, of 112 pounds to the hundred; and even in some instances have attained the extraordinary size of twenty hundred. These were all half bred cattle, bred by a thorough bred bull on a common Irish cow.

The milking qualities of the heifers bred in this way are almost beyond belief, some of them milking forty, and even fifty quarts a day of rich fine milk.

I contend that the half breed are better suited to bear the extremes of heat and cold which they will be exposed to in this climate, than the pure Durham, as their skins are thicker, and their coats closer and longer than the pure breed; but, *mark*, I must be understood that the bulls for this purpose must be the *best* of their description, and not like some that I could name, but shall be nameless, which have had no other effect than that of making bad worse—mere rubbish—nothing but head, legs, and horns, and possessing not one quality in common with the Durham bull.

The distinguishing marks of the true Durham, are lightness of offal, mellowness of hide, and a propensity to fatten, altogether peculiar to themselves. These, crossed with *well selected* cows of this country, will produce a breed which I have no doubt in pronouncing must be matchless upon heavy lands, such as Kentucky, Tennessee, &c.

There are several other breeds which might with advantage be crossed on the country cows of several of the states. One breed is the Ayrshire; this breed is not so large as the Durham, and is best suited to gravelly, light soils, where a difficulty may exist in raising a sufficiency of food for the Durham, as they will fatten almost any where, if well wintered. Perhaps there is nowhere in the world where winter feeding cattle is so much neglected, or where it would pay better, than in America. They are generally left to shift for themselves in the winter, and the consequence must be that cattle whose constitution is so reduced in the Spring, cannot be thoroughly fattened in the summer, as by the time they have almost recovered the bad effects of the winter, the flies begin to torment them, and then adieu to any more flesh for that season. The effects are obvious. New York is the worst supplied capital in the world with fresh beef, although having the finest land in the universe to be supplied from.

This state of things must always continue until housing cattle in the winter becomes general, and the culture of Vetches, Lucern, Sainfoil, Turnips of every description, and Mangel Wortzel is better understood than it is at present. Perhaps this description of knowledge has been more retarded by unprincipled Europeans coming over here and professing to raise all those crops, without understanding one of them, than by any other obstacle whatever, as there can be no doubt of the American gentlemen being a most liberal, enterprising class of men; but notions of liberality have often been repaid by the sloth, ignorance, and too often drunkenness of European managers; in a great many instances persons whose incapability has been so notorious in their own country as to prevent their getting employment upon any terms whatever.

These and many other disadvantages the American breeder of cattle has to contend with and overcome, before cattle breeding can be brought to that general perfection which I hope one day to see it arrive at. However, I have no doubt, that from the spirit of enquiry which is abroad respecting it, and the powerful assistance your valuable paper has given this really national concern, we shall live to see the American cattle breeder even surpass the English one, who can guarantee to his employer the number of spots his cattle shall be marked with, and whether they shall have white or red faces, and after breeding them to a hair in this manner, turn off herd beasts fattened to the acre in such a state of perfection as to produce that fine marbled description of beef which is denominated in England, Christmas and Easter meat; not a layer of white fat over a piece of red lean, something like the flesh of a shark, but meat in which the fat and the lean is so blended, as to give it the appearance of a piece of marbled paper done by one of your best American artists. Earnestly hoping for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," I remain, Sir, your obedient serv't,

HENRY BROWN.

New Utrecht, Long Island.

DEAFNESS IN A HORSE.

About four weeks ago I was consulted with regard to a colt, four years old, which, while being broken, had become deaf under the following circumstances. He was intended as a roadster, and to be used in the moors during the shooting season; and, after he was sufficiently quiet and steady, to ride; he was trained to stand fire, by firing from his back; and had become so steady that the breaker thought he might fire a fowling-piece between his ears, which he did, and was astonished to find, immediately afterwards, that the horse was quite deaf. He had previously been trained to come to or go from the breaker at the word of command, and to move round in the stall, &c.; but after that shot was fired he took no notice, however loudly he was called to, or only moved by signs, or when led.

I suggested bleeding, physic, and fomentations at the roots of the ears; but the subjoined letter shews that they were not required. Although a case like this may not be uncommon in the army, it is sufficiently so in private practice to deserve notice. W. D.

May 18, 1839.

Sir,—I promised to acquaint you with the result of the deafness of my young horse, which I mentioned to you when at Edinburgh. On my return home I found that he could hear a little, and, therefore, I did not consider it necessary to use any of the means which you suggested, and he has gradually come to hear quite well again. He was entirely deaf for four days, and it was about a week before his hearing was perfectly restored. I have delayed writing to you, in order to observe whether there would be any recurrence of the deafness, and I am happy to say that there is no appearance of it. Veterinarian, July 1839.

The Fine Arts.—A sculptor hearing a cobbler find fault with the sandal on the foot of one of his statues, thought the man's objections so reasonable that he altered it, and returned him his thanks. The cobbler, arrogating consequence to himself from this condescension, began to disapprove of the formation of the knee. "Hold, my friend," cried the artist, "a cobbler's criticisms should never go above the *sole*."

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
Columbia S. C.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Campbell Station,	Tenn. Fall Races, 1st Wednesday, 6th Nov.
Columbus, Miss.	Hyde Park Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
Galveston, Texas	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
Huntsville, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
Holly Springs, Miss.	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
Marianna, Fla.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Nashville, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, Nov. 13.
Natchez, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
Raleigh, N. C.	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
Selma, Ala.	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.

BEN BAHOUIA THE ROBBER.

Ben Bahouia, the robber, was a good fellow. Every body in the regiment liked him, for he was good-natured towards his comrades, respectful to his superiors, and, moreover, an excellent soldier. "But," will you say, "a good fellow, and a robber! This is a strange alliance of words!" Well, I cannot help it. Every country has its manners. Was not theft held in honor at Sparta? Does not mythology represent Mercury as the god of thieves, and why should mythology not be known among the Arabs? Why should they; who obey but their gross instinct, and follow but natural law, not honor what the sages of Greece honored.

I say, then, that Ben Bahouia was a good fellow, though a robbor. His conscience, I can assure you, was perfectly at ease; and when he told any episode of his many misdeeds, he had the looks of a man telling a good action. In vain would you have censured his conduct, and attempted to give him a notion of what is just and unjust. Ben Bahouia would not have understood you. Persuade him, indeed, that robbery is a crime! He would have replied with charming *naiveté*, "Why then has Allah not given me the good things of this world, as he has to others? Why has he put into my heart the desire of appropriating to myself what I want, if the action I commit is a bad one?"

After this condemn Ben Bahouia if you please! strive, if you choose, to reason his conscience into remorse, when he acted with so much candor. As for myself I never had courage enough to quarrel with his early operations, though God forbid that I should for one moment pass for an apologist of robbers. Hang them if you please, but, for the life of me, I cannot hang Ben Bahouia.

I made his acquaintance thus: the regiment was recruiting among the natives, when a man presented himself and offered to enlist. His high stature, handsome frame, vigorous limbs, and martial demeanor struck our Colonel, who admitted him without further examination. He was put into the squadron of which I was chief *Maréchal des Logis*.

As the Arabs keep no registers of births, marriages, and deaths, and they, therefore, can give no information upon themselves and their families, I was obliged to proceed to an interrogatory before I entered him upon the regiment rolls.

Thy name?—Ben Bahouia. Thy age?—Manarfchi (I don't know*). Thy profession?—Sarako (a robber). Well, exclaimed I this fellow has no *mauvaise honte!* He flings his title of robber at your face just as another would the title of duke!

This exclamation, uttered in French, escaped my man, who might have taken it amiss. I continued my questions.

Ben Behouia was of the Ben Amer tribe, a turbulent and warlike one, which hitherto had maintained itself free and independent, in spite of the vicinity of the Douairs and Smelshs, our most devoted allies. His father had, like him, exercised the profession of robber; but had long ceased to be a man of execution in order to become an adviser in the same line. He had betaken himself to diplomacy, while active business devoted to his son.

"The trade is, I suppose, at a stand," said I to Ben Bahouia, "since thou hath come to serve with the French?"

"Alas! no; the competition is too great; the Gharabas alone monopolise it. "But," added he, "I shall have my turn with them. Plunder is a good thing, and so is revenge! Woe to the conquered! Woe, above all, to such of the Gharabas as shall fall under my blows: they shall pay dearly for the injury they have done my craft."

Ben Bahouia, whose fame had preceded him in the regiment, was soon on friendly terms with his new comrades. He served with zeal and behaved well; my distrust of him gradually ceased, and made room for a lively interest. I ended by reposing confidence in him, and never had any cause to repent. Often would I make him talk about his past life, when he would tell us of robberies worthy of the most illustrious adepts in that school. Among the stories which appeared to me most distingnished for dexterity and boldness I shall mention one for the authenticity of which I can vouch. Let Ben Bahouia himself tell it:

"I knew that a caravan coming from Oran was proceeding Tlemcen with precious tissues, from Tunis, and blood horses, which Assam Bey was sending as presents to Mustapha. How resist the temptation of having my share of such rich offerings? One piece only of those rich stuffs was worth at least a thousand boudjoux†. It was enough to make all the women of my tribe go mad with delight. The horses were of still greater value; they were worthy of figuring in the stables of an Emir. My mind was soon made up, and my plan resolved. I cautiously followed the caravan; but in the two first nights the travellers kept so good a look out that I could not deceive their vigilance. At length a favorable opportunity offered. The night was dark, a thin and soaking rain had fallen since morning. I stripped, and creeping like a snake through the bushes towards the spot where the horses were fastened together, I reached, unperceived, the centre of the caravan. It was a good deal to have reached this point, but it was not enough. I had to seize a horse and fly, avoiding the bullets of the sentinels, who crossed one another as they walked up and down with their shouldered muskets.

"Still protected by darkness, I hastened to make up with some thick branches and my garments (which I had taken care not to leave at the place I had thrown them off) a sort of imitation of a man covered with my bournous. I next tied a string round it, and crept a little farther off, in order to proceed in safety with my mechanical operations.

"When the two sentinels came up together in their walks, I gave a good shake to my mute auxiliary. On perceiving an object that moved, and had a human shape, the sentinels cried, 'Who's there?" No answer was returned, as you may well suppose. None being returned to a second 'Who's there?' the two Arabs fired off their muskets upon my harmless robber, when, quick as lightning, I leaped upon a horse which I had previously separated from the rest, and vanished from the sight of the terrified sentinels. The Borgias bought my horse for 800 boudjoux. It was not much, but I was not master of the market."

Ben Bahouia never failed to conclude a narrative with a triumphant—"Well! what think ye of this?" when he would be rewarded with rapturous applause by his hearers, the Spahis, who, all of them, would willingly have achieved as much.

In the expedition we made with General Bugeaud, previous to the treaty of Tafna with Abdel Kadir, Ben Bahouia found some opportunities of turning his abilities to account. We had unanimously appointed him purveyor to the squadron, and so well did he acquit himself of the office that every day our rations of meat and biscuit were doubled. None can have known better than the *Riz-pain-Sel*‡ whence the rogue derived his gratuitous supplies. In truth, those worthies must have discovered a large gap in their stores, when on reaching Tlemcen, which we were going to victual, they were inspected by the chief intendant. During this campaign Ben Bahouia was a real guardian angel to us—There would be no end to it if I recorded the many skilful feats of our purveyor. Every place we went through was the scene of his prowess. In one quarter he had stolen the oxen of an isolated boor, at another he plundered an Arab coming from market.

On one occasion he had the impudence to plunder one of his uncles of the money he had received that very day in exchange for his daughter§. To accomplish this he must evade the watch-dogs always prowling about the douair, and penetrate into the tent where his uncle slept. The cash, concealed in a corner of the burnous which covered the slumberer, soon passed into Ben Bahouia's pocket; but, unluckily, the dogs, whose vigilance had been hitherto avoided, gave the alarm; Ben Bahouia received, as he fled, a bullet in his shoulder, but ran not the less, consoling himself for the wound as he shook his uncles soltani and boudjoux.

Ben Bahouia now pretends that he has grown rusty; inaction hangs heavy upon him, and he impatiently awaits the expiration of his three remaining years, to rush into the plains and resume his wandering life, being still most jealous of the Gharabas' monopoly. He has been offered the rank of Brigadier, if he would enlist again, when his reply was—"No! the station is not worth that of a robber!"

French Periodical.

* The Arabs cannot tell their age even approximatively
† An Algerine coin, worth about 1s. 6d., English money.
‡ A nickname given by the soldiers to the Commissariat agents.
§ In Africa the father always receives his daughter's marriage portion, which is nothing else than the price of purchase of the daughter.

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER.

THE 11th No. of this work was published on the 1st Nov., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:

WILD DUCK SHOOTING: on Steel by DICK, after F. C. TURNER.

CONTENTS:

To Readers and Correspondents, etc. ... 590
More Collineomania—Duck Shooting; By J. Cypress, Jr. ... 591
Price of Stallions; by "Captain" ... 597
Remarks, on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing; By "J. H." ... 599
French and English Horses; By "Nimrod" ... 605
Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women; By "Curiosus" ... 611
How to Buy a Horse. No. V. By an Amateur ... 616
A Week in the Woodlands; Day the Sixth; By "Frank Forester" ... 625
The Sportsman's Reveille; By George Theodore Manning ... 633
Notes of the Month; By the Editor ... 634
Monarch lost to the Turf ... page 634
Late Great Races ... " "
The Doncaster St. Leger ... " "
Sales of Stock ... " 635
American Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Kanawha, Va. ... page 29
St. Louis, Mo. ... " "
Post of Arkansas ... " "
Van Buren, Arks. ... " 30
Cincinnati, O., Buck-Eye Course ... " "
Salt Sulphur Springs, Va. ... " "
Maysville, Ky, Beechland Course ... " "
Wheeling, Va. ... " 31
Crab Orchard, Ky., Spring Hill Co. ... " 32
English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at
Kelso, Spring Meeting ... page 25
Curragh April Meeting ... " "
Epsom ... " 27
Stallion upon Long Island ... page 636
Match ... " "
Names Claimed ... " "
New Race-Course ... " "
Lexington, Ky. ... page 32
Orange Court House, Va. ... " 33
Norfolk, Va. ... " "
Jefferson County, Va. ... " 34
Southampton, Va. ... " "
Nashville, Tenn. ... " "
Petersburgh, Va. ... " 35
Louisville, Ky. ... " "
New York, Union Course, L. I. ... " 36
Shiffnal ... page 30
Manchester ... " 31
Royston ... " 32

WM. T. PORTER,

Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, November 2, 1839.

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the *Kendall Course*, near Baltimore, Md., to wit:

THE SEWELL STAKES—Spring Meeting, 1840. The race to take place at 12 o'clock, 1st day of the meeting, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April by paying $50; to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 8 subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. James V. Wagner, not named.
4. Col. D. Jenifer, not named.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names filly by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen. Thos. Emery names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Betsey Wilson, the dam of Lady Clifden.

There are many more gentlemen who have promised to patronise our worthy President's stake; they will please take notice of its closing.

No. 2. Is the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES. You will all subscribe to Pete's Stake, and mind he don't beat you, he is such a quar fellow. This stake is for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1838, and to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft. to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 7 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edwd. H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.
4. Francis Thompson, not named.
5. W. T. Mason names Jas. Long's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel, not named.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his ch. mare by Eclipse.

No. 3. Is a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 3 subs., to wit:

1. Gov. Saml. Sprigg, not named.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson, not named.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.

No. 4. Is the LADIES' STAKES, for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting of 1843, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by paying $50 on the 1st April, 1843; to name and close on the 1st Jan., 1840. Now 20 subs., to wit:

1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel, not named.
3. R. J. Worthington names produce of Aramenta, by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, the produce of Toynell, by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bennets o' Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora, by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
9. Col. Charles names produce of Miss Phillips and Drone.
10. Henry Shepherd names produce of his Catton mare and Imp. Emancipation.
11. Also, produce of his Lottery mare and Imp. Emancipation.
12. Chas. C. L. W. Dorsey names produce of Buck-eye's dam and Imp Emancipation.
13. Also, produce of Mazeppa and Young Oscar mare.
14. Gov. Sam Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Priam.
15. Also, produce of Violetta Lausdale and John Bull.
16. Col. Daniel Jenifer, not named.
17. Edwd. J. Hamilton, not named.
18. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Foreigner.
19. Dr. Geo Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy, by Imp. Hedgeford, and Imp. Priam.
20. Charles Boswell names produce of his Valentine mare and Imp. Priam.

[nov2-5t] J. B. KENDALL.

COLUMBUS FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Hyde Park Course*, near Columbus, Miss., will commence the 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Four subs. and closed, viz.:

1. John H. Walker names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
2. Wm. J. Horn names full brother to Highway.
3. James Clark names b. f. by Tranby, dam by Medley.
4. David Conner names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Florizel.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States, comply ing with the rules of the course.

Stables and litter furnished gratis by the Superintendent of the Jockey Club.

JAMES H. McCLUER, *Secretary.*

Columbus, Miss., Oct. 1, 1839—[oct19-3t]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beechland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start: if but one, $300.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.
Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct 26]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.
2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.
4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the Post; the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.
5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup, value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.
7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club. [oct26]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Truffle, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses. Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m, but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey, the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all imparial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. foaled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's Opossum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. I, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crab, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3 51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantonia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 12, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

NASHVILLE N. C. FALL RACES.

THE Races over the *Nashville Course* will commence on Wednesday, the 13th of Nov. next, and continue three days:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close in both, on Monday, the 11th Nov.
Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above, on the 11th Nov.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $20, subject to the usual discount.

Letters of entrance to be addressed to Proprietor, at Nashville, N. C.

Stables and litter furnished gratis.

JOHN S. ARRINGTON, *Proprietor.*

Nashville, N. C., Oct. 9, 1839 - [oct 19-4t]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING PARK.

THE following purses will be trotted for over the above course, commencing Wednesday, November 6, 1839:—

First day—Purse $50, Mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 145lbs., for horses that never trotted for money; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.
Same day—Purse $100, Two mile heats in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $100; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.
Second day—Purse $150, Two mile heats in harness; for horses that never won a purse over $150; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 145lbs.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for pacing horses, free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance; to carry 135lbs.
Third day—Purse $200, Four mile heats, under the saddle; to carry 145lbs.; free for all; three or more to make a race; the second best horse to save his entrance.
Same day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness; free for all; three or more to make a race, carrying 145lbs.

All entries must be made by 12 o'clock on Monday, Nov. 4th, at the Repository of SAMUEL K. BAYLEY, corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, Boston. Entrance 1 per cent. [o]c0f

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan , 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23,8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma.

W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*
Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala.

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Ellictt & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C

PUBLIC SALE.

ON Monday, the 28th of October instant, at 12 o'clock, at Windsor, near Hampstead, in King George county, Virginia, will be sold to the highest bidder, besides a variety of household furniture and agricultural implements of excellent quality, a very valuable stock of thorough-bred mares, fillies, and foals of the purest and most fashionable blood, selected and bred with the greatest care, gotten by Sir Charles, Rattler, John Richards, Autocrat, Cetus, and other distinguished stallions, from brood mares of the most approved families. Among the number, two yearling fillies by Cetus, out of very superior mares, and a three year old by Autocrat, out of the half sister of the famed Trumpator, are particularly deserving the attention of turfites and breeders. Several jacks, jennets, and foals of pure blood and tried qualities—a premium jack among the number. About 50 head of pen cattle of superior quality, partaking largely of the Durham blood. A large flock of excellent sheep of the Bakewell, Merino, and Barbary breed. A number of good hogs, &c. Further particulars on the day of sale; also, full pedigrees of the horses. For part see American Turf Register, vol. 6, page 137. The stock will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

A credit of six months, on approved endorsed notes, on all purchases above $50.
Oct. 7, 1839—[oct 19] BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHELWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prudhomme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex; Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matilda *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.

Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.

[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk, Jesse Cage, G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham, Henry Dickinson, George Elliott,
Saml Ragland, Alex. Barrow, Thos. Kirkman,
Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [jy22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard!

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, Duncan F. Kenner, George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, W. J. Minor, A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, Fergus Duplantier, T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, G. N. Sanders, A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.
Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following:

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. James Jackson. Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry. Jesse Cage. George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 100*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application,

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street sep

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES. No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays,"

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 2—Will be presented THE VILLAGE DOCTOR, with other entertainments.

MONDAY, Nov. 4—Last night but one of Mons. ALEXANDRE'S engagement. A PECULIAR POSITION—an entertainment in which Mons. Alexandre will appear—and THE BOLD DRAGOON.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5—First night of the engagement of Mrs. MARTYN, (late Miss Inverarity,) Miss POOLE, Messrs. GIUBELEI, MANVERS, and MARTYN. The Opera of FIDELIO, and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Last night of M. ALEXANDRE'S engagement.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6—A favorite Opera, in which the vocal Troupe will appear, being the 2d night of their engagement.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8—Mons. ALEXANDRE'S Benefit.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 2—Bulwer's Play of the LADY OF LYONS; Claude Melnotte (2d time) Mr. CHARLES KEAN—with the grand ballet of LA TARANTULE, in which M'me LECOMTE'S company will appear.

MONDAY, Nov 4—Shakspeare's Play of RICHARD III.; Richard, (2d time,) Mr. CHARLES KEAN with a popular farce.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7—Will be produced a new comic ballet, called JOCKO, in which Mons. KLISHNIG will make his first appearance in America, with the whole of M'me LECOMTE'S company.

Mr. HILL, who is engaged for a very limited period, will sustain two of his popular characters on Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Mr. CHARLES KEAN will appear in one of his celebrated characters.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

one save Mrs. Martyn—nor her, even, when we can get into the p't. Her hous

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—This has been a hard week for both our theatres. The Park had a great house on Monday, and a fair one on Wednesday; the National had a crowded house on Thursday—on other nights, at both theatres, the business has been bad. This is very much owing to the pressure of the times—money is so scarce that one feels no certainty of getting a dinner the next day, and when this is the case, we generally find that people care very little for theatricals. Again, the election is close at hand, and that always injures the theatres;—too much fire-work and procession-business going on to allow people to indulge their taste for less national pastimes. But both these ill-boding influences will soon be removed, it is hoped, and we may enjoy with pleasant freedom the versatility of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the elegant elocution of Charles Kean.

We have just returned from seeing the "Rogueries of Nicho'as," as played at the Park by that wonderful ventriloquist, Mons. ALEXANDRE. He is certainly the most wonderful man in his line who ever appeared in America. His purely ventriloquial powers hardly surpass his acting in any character he assumes. For example, he plays a clownish footman and a gouty old alderman at one and the same moment; his transitions from the one to the other are not more extraordinary than his excellence in each part individually. The changes of countenance are inimitable—of costume, the same; but when you have said thus much of the entertainment, you have told all which can interest.

These monopologues are always great bores. They may give great scope for exhibitions of cleverness, but it is impossible that they should awaken deep emotion. There is nothing natural about them to touch the feelings—all seems stiff and artificial, however well done. The elder MATHEWS, in entertainments of the kind, never could draw great houses here, irresistible as was his drollery and wit. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has the same kind of business to do in "Widow Wiggins," and but for the one song of the street ballad singer, we should never see the thing twice, however well it is allowed she plays in it.

Mr. Alexandre has another difficulty to stem against; the monopologue itself is neither interesting nor laughable, and must of course drag. If you cannot be funny in comedy, or pointed and witty—the sooner you turn to tragedy the better. Between the extremes, all is "milk and water." Therefore do we wish to see Alexandre in a different and better part.

His foreign accent embarrasses him less than we had anticipated; still it must be a drawback upon the effect which he might produce in his own language. A dramatic ventriloquist, of all men, needs the greatest flexibility of voice. But with all these disadvantages, Mr. Alexandre pleases his audiences, and brings down much applause.

On Thursday evening Mrs. FITZWILLIAM played *Louisa Lovetrick*, in the "Dead Shot," and most capital was it. PLACIDE had in *Mr. Timid* something to suit him, as did NICKINSON in *Mr. Wiseman*. The farce went off well, keeping the house in roars of laughter from beginning to end. The description of a "Sunday Concert," sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, was an excellent affair, and promptly encored. It is too bad to make this lady sing so much; on her benefit night she had, we think, seventeen songs in her parts, and of these the most were encored! She now leaves for a little while, but she will find no audiences to like her better than those of the Park, and right hearty shall be her welcome back to us.

Madame PROCHE GIUBELEI has brought out a pretty *pas de deux* with Mde. ARRALINE—in the Russian costume. It is very pretty, and has been encored both nights that it has been seen. Mde. Giubelei dances with great precision and beauty. She will appear in time in a grand ballet.

The National.—Mr. Charles KEAN opened here on Monday in "Hamlet," to a house barely tolerable. It was not our good fortune to witness a performance which we hear very generally and warmly commended. It was no failure this time. On Wednesday he played *Claude Melnotte*, and his friends claim for him that it is the part in which he has most distinguished himself—the part in which he surpasses all other tragedians. The house was very shy thanks to the play, which never deserved a long run. Miss MONIER'S *Pauline* was graceful and full of feeling.

On Thursday Mr. Kean appeared in *Richard III.*, the great character of his father—the character which is best remembered here. His house was densely crowded, and with the assistance of two enormous Nott stoves, heated to a white heat all over; we had pretty warm work of it for one act, when we gave in; it was impossible for flesh and blood to stand the heat longer. This performance of Mr. Kean has been much praised by his friends and by the press—an intelligent critic and friend assures us, with great justice. An apology is due from us not only to Mr. Kean but to the readers of our journal for so cursory and unsatisfactory notices of his performances this week. But in the absence of our senior editor, and during a race week, the duty of attendance upon the theatres, which we dislike to devolve upon another, has necessarily been slighted. In a short while, all will go right again.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. WALLACK brought out his new ballet of "La Tarantule" with some dancers hitherto unknown to our boards. But we must begin with an old favorite—Madame LECOMTE, an acknowledged artiste, and in many respects unrivalled by any European *danceuse* we have yet had amongst us. We had not before given her credit for such cleverness in pantomime as she has exhibited in this ballet, highly as we have before spoken of her. The scene in which she depicts the paroxysms of agony consequent upon the bite of *la tarantule* was very fine indeed, and was warmly applauded by the house. In her dancing she has not fallen off—nay, she exhibits much improvement, comparing this effort with some former exhibitions of her skill. Her execution still developes that wonderful rapidity and finish which has often before been noticed in her case.

Her brother, M. MARTIN, supported her. We like his dancing, better even than some critical friends will allow that we ought; of his pantomime, there is no difference of opinion—it is admirable. The principal new comers whom we saw were Mademoiselle PAULINE DESJARDINS, and Messeiurs KAIFFER and PETITPA. The lady has a very pretty, pleasing face, and dances with a light, airy step. The gentlemen we will not pretend to judge upon first sight. The troupe is hardly yet completely organized, and will be seen to far greater advantage next week. It is, however, a very creditable effort to familiarize us with the *ballet*, and it has our best wishes for its complete success. New *ballets* are, we learn, in active preparation.

Our favorite operatic troupe returns to the Park next week, and on Tuesday we are to enjoy the music of Fidelio. It is the most magnificent of operas, and one that should become a favorite with the whole town. It will do more to elevate the musical taste of our citizens than any production of the great masters which has yet been heard in America. This troupe brought out "La Gazza Ladra" in Philadelphia—with what success we have been too busy to inform ourselves. Cannot the cast be slightly strengthened here, that this *chef d'œuvre* of ROSSINI may be properly introduced to us? It could not then fail to secure a renown with us superior to that with which the inferior productions of he same master have already been honored.

Mr. RANGER left town during the week to play an engagement in Boston at the Tremont. He opens on Monday in the "Romantic Widow." All we ask for him of our Boston friends is that they go and see him once; they will not need urging to go again, for Mr. Ranger plays like a scholar and a man of refinement, as he truly is.

Mrs. BAILEY has been on to Philadelphia to give a concert we understand.—It is somewhat odd that we are unable, at this moment to "locate" the rest of the National vocal troupe.

English Theatricals.

It is stated that Mr. Bunn and Mr. Balfe have taken the St. James's Theatre; all we know of the matter is, that Mrs. Braham and Mr. Bunn walked over the stage a day or two since, and reported it to be perfectly *safe*.

Miss Romer and Templeton have awakened the Bristolonians by their exquisite warbling in *The Somnambula*, and other favorite operas. They are now at Barnstaple astonishing the natives.

"Jim Crow" and Hackett are engaged at the Adelphi, and will appear on the opening night, which is fixed for the 30th of this month, in the farce of *The Kentuckian*, and other novelties, which have been long in preparation.

Van Amburgh.—We perceive the following notification in a Paris paper:—"Every day the management of the Porte St Martin Theatre receive letters from men, and even women, who, with a view to a large reward, ask to appear with M. Van Amburgh in the cages containing his magnificent menagerie. The management notify that they cannot accede to this sort of application, which the public authorities, in accordance with M. Van Amburgh, would also reject. The management seize this opportunity of contradicting, in M. Van Amburgh's name, the rumour spread that in London a child was introduced into the cages. Nothing of the sort took place."

Mademoiselle Rachel.—M. Casimir Delavigne has terminated a tragedy, in three acts, called the *Vieillesse du Cid*, the principal female character in which was intended for Mdlle. Rachel. "Unfortunately," says the *Commerce*, "Dr. Andral has declared that even if Mdlle. Rachel should, at the end of her three months leave of absence, find her health re-established, she must abstain from re-appearing on the stage for two years." We hope to find the above will turn out to be only an ingenious puff upon the young tragedian, whose protracted absence from the stage, in the present dearth of dramatic talent, would be an irreparable blow to the Théâtre Français. Galignani.

A young tenor singer, named De Madron, who is said to combine with the quality of Mario, the excellent method of Duprez and Rubini, has been engaged at the Grand Opera. It is stated that his voice, including falsetto, extends to within three notes of the third octave, going one note above Rubini and the celebrated German tenor, Haitsinger. He is from the Pyrenees, and has never yet appeared upon the stage. He is to make his *debut* in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*. Galignani.

Preparations for Opening Covent Garden.—This splendid theatre will open for the season to-morrow, under the management of Madame Vestris, and the able stage management of Mr. George Bartley. The entertainments for the opening night are Shakspeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*, and a new farce, called *Alive and Merry*, which, it is said, Madame intends the audience shall find herself and company. Shakspeare's comedy of *Love's Labor's Lost* has not been performed in the "memory of the oldest play-goer." The play-bills have been traced back to 1730, without once meeting with its announcement: it is doubtful, therefore, whether it has been played since the author's own time, or, at latest, in the time of the Charleses. It will be produced with great cost and care, and with no small scenic display, of which we could say a few words, but that would be premature. The interior of the theatre presents a light and elegant appearance: the gilding has been thoroughly cleaned, and the panels of the boxes fresh painted, color white, relieved with pale pink. The beautiful chandelier has been cleaned, and fifty new jets for additional gas-lights have been added. The lustres round the dress circle, fourteen in number, have been fitted up for wax candles, and are very elegant. The boxes have been fresh lined with crimson moreen, and chairs have been substituted for benches in the dress-circle. The paper at the back of the dress-circle is a rose color: c ll pattern, on a pale yellow ground, which we do not think in good taste. The private boxes are lined with a chintz pattern paper on a white ground, which looks neat. The lobby at the back of the dress-circle is very elegant, the colors pale yellow and French grey, relieved by a handsome scroll bordering of rose color. This apartment, which is exclusively for the visitors to the dress-circle, is splendidly lighted with gas. At the entrance to the boxes there is a handsome new or-molu chandelier, and eight elegant scroll branches suspended between the pillars on the staircase, each containing two argand burners. The waiting-room for half-price visitors has been handsomely decorated, and two handsome chandeliers suspended from the ceiling. The upper gallery has been closed up, and the front now forms part of the ceiling. The *green*-room is now *white*: the walls are covered with a neat chintz pattern paper on a white ground: the carpet is to match, and the seats are covered with striped glazed calico. It appears to us, from the hasty glance we have taken, that Madame Vestris has studied the comfort of all parties, both before and behind the curtain; and if her exertions on the stage keep pace with what she has already done, she will deserve success. We cannot close this short notice without complimenting, and that highly, the good taste displayed by the persons employed in fitting up and lighting this theatre. An alteration has been made in the prices of admission. The prices are hereafter to be 7*s.* the dress boxes, 5*s.* the upper boxes, pit 3*s.*, and the gallery 1*s.* 6*d.* The upper gallery is to be altogether dispensed with. Every place in the boxes for tomorrow night has already been taken, and we have no doubt that the new lessees will meet with the most encouraging reception.

New Opera and New Tenor.—The composer of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, the *Chalet la Marquise*, *Micheline*, the *Fidèle Berger*, and *Le Brasseur de Preston*, the popular M. ADOLPHE ADAM, brother-in-law of M. LAPORTE, and known in England as the writer of the very pretty music in the piece of *The First Campaign*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre some years since, has just achieved an immense success at the Opera Comique, by the production of *La Reine d'un Jour* (*The Queen for a Day*), the libretto of which is the joint labor of M M. SCRIBE and St. GEORGES. The authors have ingeniously travestied the history of England as the groundwork of a very pretty piece. The story treats of a very pretty Parisian *modiste*, who is induced by the *Marquis d'Elvas*, a Portuguese captain, on a promise of a large reward, to go to Brighton and pass herself off as the Infanta of Portugal, the wife of Charles the Second, just at the time that monarch is about to put an end to Richard Cromwell's Protectorate. *Francine Camusat*, the *modiste*, has a poor lover, *Marcel*, whom she leaves at Calais, but who follows her to England. *Francine* at Brighton becomes the Queen for a day, receiving homage from Charles's partisans, and exposed to danger from the Roundheads. At a critical moment the news is received of the success of General Monk, and of the arrival of Charles the Second and of the real Queen in England, upon another part of the coast, the object having been to create a diversion by the intelligence of the arrival of the Queen at another port *Francine Camusat* receives the promised reward, and marries the faithful *Marcel*. This is a very amusing drama, and was rendered very attractive by the excellent acting of Madame Jenny Colon Leplus, who played the heroine, and sang as beautifully as she acted. The great event was, however, the *debut* of M. Masset, formerly leader of the band at the Variétés, whose vocal talents were first discovered by Meyerbeer, who recommended Masset to leave the violin for vocal exercise. M. Masset's voice is a tenor of extensive compass, but as his best scale is in the falsetto it more properly ought to be termed a counter tenor. It is unquestionably the best tenor in quality the French can now boast of, as he combines Duprez's chest notes with the head voice of Rubini. He sings in tune, but wants flexibility and facility of vocalization. Masset was formerly one of the violin-players of the Conservatoire and Académie Royale. He is the composer of some violin concertos, and of some pretty melodies. His reception has been most successful. In respect to M. Adam's music it is as usual, light and pleasing. The opera will have a great run, and it deserves it. In the meanwhile M. Adam visits St. Petersburgh, to compose the music of a new ballet for Taglioni.

Some weeks since we gave a list of the companies to be attached to the two great English theatres this season. The "London Age" gives another, with some curious estimates, which the curious may be pleased to read.

We have, as we promised last week, presented our readers with a fair and honest list of the two companies. It will be perceived that Madame Vestris has the advantage, as far as concerns the ladies, but Hammond has the *men*—the working *men*, which, as they say at Doncaster, will always *last out*. The winning horse is not included in our list, as he cannot show until the termination of his engagement with Mr. Webster. We understand that he will appear in a new play of Bulwer's; and we also hear that Miss Helen Faucit and Mrs. Warner will join the *corps dramatique* of Mr. Hammond. We are very desirous that both theatres should succeed, and we have no doubt, if her Majesty will bestow that patronage which she ought to do, that the lessees of both establishments will meet with a successful season. Great exertions are being made by both parties, and an honest rivalry exists which must ensure entertainment to the play-going public.

We have, as heretofore, made our *maximum* twelve, and the number attached to the names will show the amount of talent possessed by the respective parties:—

THE COMPANIES.

DRURY LANE. LADIES.		COVENT GARDEN. LADIES.	
Miss Delcy	12	Madame Vestris	12
Mrs. Waylett	12	Mrs. Nisbett	12
Mrs. Barnett, a clever woman, and must make her way	8	Ellen Tree, but only engaged for a certain number of nights	12
Miss Daly	5	Miss Austin, a new debutante, and doubtful	
Mrs. Selby	6	Miss Rainforth	8
Miss Cooper	5	Mrs. Orger	10
Miss Mordaunt	5	Mrs. C. Jones	8
Miss Tyrer, unknown, but good	6	Mrs Humby	8
Miss Betts	8	Miss Charles	5
Miss Harrington, an excellent contralto	5	Mrs. E. Knight	4
Miss Pettifer (very pretty!)	4	Miss Lee	4
Mrs. Gilbert	10	Mrs. Macnamara	3
	—	Mrs. Tayleure	4
	86	Miss E. Phillips	3
		Miss A. Taylor	4
		Miss Williams, alias Mrs Brougham	2
			—
			99
GENTLEMEN.		GENTLEMEN.	
James Wallack	12	W. Farren	12
Marston, a Comedian of the Chas. Kemble school, and likely to tread in his shoes. An Oxonian	10	Cooper	10
G. V. Brooke, the Romeo	8	Anderson	10
F. Vining	10	Vandenhoff (doubtful)	
George Bennett	8	Harley	10
Elton	8	Keeley	10
Brindal	6	Charles Mathews	10
J. Lee	6	Bartley	10
C. Baker	6	Meadows	6
Waldron	5	Diddear	5
Hammond, the Lessee	10	J. Vining	6
Compton	10	T. Green, not the evergreen	6
W. Bennett	10	Brougham	8
Addison (the imitator of Farren)	4	F. Matthews	8
Ray	6	Harrison	10
Oxberry (but be industrious, Billy)	6	Borani	8
Vernon (a pupil of Welsh's, with a good report)	10	Giubilei	8
Collins	6	J. Bland	5
White, an excellent tenor	6	Binge	4
Leffler (be steady!)	10	M'Ian	4
T. Lee	7	Selby	4
John Hughes	4	Fitzjames	3
Gilbert	10	Granby	3
	—	Ayliffe	3
	178	Oscar Byrne	10
			—
			173

Sale of Her Majesty's Theatre.—On the first reports of the probable sale of her Majesty's Theatre rival candidates from distant parts have sent their envoys, or come themselves to London, to bid for this domain of pleasure and fashion. Some of them have been attracted by the certainty of realising great profits by those who would possess a capital sufficiently large to place themselves above the fetters of a *coterie*, and the trammels of speculating bibliopoles. Others seek in the possession of the Opera the influence it gives, and the *eclat* of patronage of the arts. Amongst the latter, if we may trust rumor, is a fortunate Spanish financier (whose representative has recently arrived), M. Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas, lord of the far-famed manor of Chateau-Margaux, proprietor of the finest private gallery of pictures in Paris, and of the finest residence in the neighborhood of that Capital. This opulent speculator has of late taken under his wing the Academie Royale de Musique of Paris, and M. Duponchel, the director of that splendid establishment, with, it is said, great advantage to the *entrepreneur*, to the theatre and to the public. If he could add to so vast an operatic sway her Majesty's Theatre, the result would no doubt be magnificent, at least in the terpsichorean department, as a brigade of *danseuses* might then be ordered across the Channel at any period of our season, without recurring to the arduous negotiations which have so often been required to obtain the timely co-operation of those light-footed auxiliaries. It is affirmed that, should M. Aguado become the purchaser, M. Laporte would still continue the coachman to a concern in the spirited management of which he has so long and so recently displayed his skill. The next most remarkable bidder is said to be the celebrated Barbaja, who for so many years past has been the ruling genius of the opera in Italy; and who, if his financies equal his ability and experience, would certainly prove a very formidable rival. We have not space here to mention the names of the other *jouteurs* who are to appear in the approaching lists in the Haymarket; all we can add is, that both the musical and fashionable world are now in a ferment on the subject—nor do the fashionable tradesmen of the west end look on with an eye of indifference, so greatly does the London season depend upon the course of operatic revels, which, if begun early, as they would in the hands of a great capitalist, would bring them earlier the customers their suffering trade so much requires.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance

For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.

No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

M L Garvin, Printer.